

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume XLIX. }

No. 2125.—March 14, 1885.

{ From Beginning,
1 Vol. CLXIV.

CONTENTS.

I. A WORD MORE ABOUT AMERICA. By Matthew Arnold,	<i>Nineteenth Century</i> ,	643
II. A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF. By Mrs. Oliphant. Part VII.,	<i>Chambers' Journal</i> ,	654
III. EXPERTS IN HANDWRITING,	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> ,	658
IV. PLAIN FRANCES MOWBRAY,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> ,	666
V. GAINSBOROUGH,	<i>National Review</i> ,	674
VI. JANE AUSTEN AT HOME,	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> ,	680
VII. THE UPPER ENGADINE IN WINTER,	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> ,	685
VIII. THE CROFTER PROBLEM,	<i>Contemporary Review</i> ,	690
IX. A FRENCH HUGUENOT VILLAGE IN GER- MANY,	<i>Spectator</i> ,	700
X. BOYS IN THE CHRYSALIS,	<i>Spectator</i> ,	702

POETRY.

CHARLES GORDON,	642	ON A RING-PLOVER FOUND DEAD IN	
A DECEMBER ROSE,	642	TYREE,	642
FROM NATURE TO MAN,	642		

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & CO.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

CHARLES GORDON.

("We trusted it had been he who should have delivered Israel.")

GREAT soul, that scorned ignoble ease,
Still lit with faith's undying flame,
And genius ever prompt to seize
War's swift occasions as they came,

We hoped he could not fail to save;
We hoped,—but under alien skies,
Far off, within his bloody grave,
Struck by the traitor steel he lies.

Is this the end? Forbid the thought!
The servant follows still the Lord;
For each hath death the victory wrought,
With him the cross, with thee the sword.

The Saviour dies, betrayed, alone,
His Israel unredeemed; but still
Grows to a mightier world-wide throne
The felon Cross on Calvary's hill.

Nor thou, great soul, was spent in vain,
Though noblest of our later days;
While from the tropic, Nile-washed plain,
The echo of thy deathless praise

Shall bring across each petty strife,
And base desire, and meaner aim,
The vision of a holier life,
A loftier purpose, purer fame.

Spectator. ALFRED CHURCH.

A DECEMBER ROSE.

FAIR pilgrim rose! budding in spite of date
In homely gardens where the sunlight falls,
Breeze-haunted by a tune articulate

In perfect melody on green-clad walls,
Tell to this grey and ever-darkening isle
The story of thy gracious winter birth,
And whisper, where the winter sunbeams smile,
Thy simple secret to the poisoned earth.

Tell her of One, who made the sun and air
A refuge for the pent-up toiler's heart,
So that from him, still through his pain and care,

The touch of freedom never might depart:
Tell her that where his open spaces lie,
Still Heaven-reflected for the eye to scan,
Though more and more man's greed the space deny,
Lives yet his message to the self of man.

The gloom is ours; his the late lights that shine
Serenely on thy modest petals yet,
And frame with glory oak and eglantine,
Where'er rude man his stamp delays to set.
Still through the undying beauty of thy frame
On wings of music ride unwritten words,
And restful spirits find all lands the same
Where blooms the lovely life of flowers and birds.

The roses blush along my ivied wall,
Where wealth's keen hunt has yet forborne
to tread;

And nothing but God's clouds can draw a pall
Between me and his temple overhead.
The northern skies vie with the vaulted south,
Wherever nature has but air for breath,
And answer from the one Creator's mouth
That life immortal has no space for death.

HERMAN C. MERIVALE.
Eastbourne. Spectator.

ON A RING-PLOVER FOUND DEAD IN TYREE.

August, 1884.

In a hollow of the dunes
Its wings were closed in rest,
And the florets of the eyebright
Stood guard around its breast.

The glorious light and sun
Were on it where it lay,
And the sound of ocean murmurs
Passed o'er it from the bay.

No more its easy pinions
Would gleam along the sand,
No more in glancing courses
Sweep all the pleasant land.

No more its tuneful whistle
Would mingle with the surf;
Its busy feet were idle,
Once nimble on the turf.

No ruffle marred its plumage,
No struggle stretched its head;
It lay in perfect slumber,
The happiest of the dead.

So could I wish that Death
Would make his lair for me
Among the list'ning pastures
And margins of the sea.

Good Words. ARGYLL.

FROM NATURE TO MAN.

TIME was when Nature's every mystic mood
Poured round my heart a flood of eager joy;
When pageantry of sunsets moved the boy
More than high ventures of the great and good;
When trellised shadows in the vernal wood,
And little peeping flowers, so sweet and coy,
Were simple happiness without alloy,
And whispered to me things I understood.
But now the strange sad weight of human woe,
And all the bitterness of human wrong,
Press on my saddened spirit as I go,
And stir the pulsings of a graver song:
Dread mysteries of life and death I scan,
And all my soul is only full of man.

Spectator. W. WALSHAM BEDFORD.

From The Nineteenth Century.
A WORD MORE ABOUT AMERICA.

WHEN I was at Chicago last year, I was asked whether Lord Coleridge would not write a book about America. I ventured to answer confidently for him that he would do nothing of the kind. Not at Chicago only, but almost wherever I went, I was asked whether I myself did not intend to write a book about America. For oneself one can answer yet more confidently than for one's friends, and I always replied that most assuredly I had no such intention. To write a book about America, on the strength of having made merely such a tour there as mine was, and with no fuller equipment of preparatory studies and of local observations than I possess, would seem to me an impertinence.

It is now a long while since I read M. de Tocqueville's famous work on democracy in America. I have the highest respect for M. de Tocqueville; but my remembrance of his book is that it deals too much in abstractions for my taste, and that it is written, moreover, in a style which many French writers adopt, but which I find trying—a style cut into short paragraphs and wearing an air of rigorous scientific deduction without the reality. Very likely, however, I do M. de Tocqueville injustice. My debility in high speculation is well known, and I mean to attempt his book on democracy again when I have seen America once more, and when years may have brought to me, perhaps, more of the philosophic mind. Meanwhile, however, it will be evident how serious a matter I think it to write a worthy book about the United States, when I am not entirely satisfied with even M. de Tocqueville's.

But before I went to America, and when I had no expectation of ever going there, I published, under the title of "A Word about America," not indeed a book, but a few modest remarks on what I thought civilization in the United States might probably be like. I had before me a Boston newspaper article which said that if I ever visited America I should find there such and such things; and taking this article for my text I observed, that from all I had read and all I could judge, I

should for my part expect to find there rather such and such other things, which I mentioned. I said that of aristocracy, as we know it here, I should expect to find, of course, in the United States the total absence; that our lower class I should expect to find absent in a great degree, while my old familiar friend, the middle class, I should expect to find in full possession of the land. And then betaking myself to those playful phrases which a little relieve, perhaps, the tedium of grave disquisitions of this sort, I said that I imagined one would just have in America our Philistines, with our aristocracy quite left out and our populace very nearly.

An acute and singularly candid American, whose name I will on no account betray to his countrymen, read these observations of mine, and he made a remark upon them to me which struck me a good deal. Yes, he said, you are right, and your supposition is just. In general, what you would find over there would be the Philistines, as you call them, without your aristocracy and without your populace. Only this, too, I say at the same time: you would find over there something besides, something more, something which you do not bring out, which you cannot know and bring out, perhaps, without actually visiting the United States, but which you would recognize if you saw it.

My friend was a true prophet. When I saw the United States I recognized that the general account which I had hazarded of them was, indeed, not erroneous, but that it required to have something added to supplement it. I should not like either my friends in America or my countrymen here at home to think that my "Word about America" gave my full and final thoughts respecting the people of the United States. The new and modifying impressions brought by experience I shall communicate, as I did my original expectations, with all good faith, and as simply and plainly as possible. Perhaps when I have yet again visited America, have seen the great West, and have had a second reading of M. de Tocqueville's classical work on democracy, my mind may be enlarged and my present impressions still

further modified by new ideas. If so, I promise to make my confession duly; not indeed to make it, even then, in a book about America, but to make it in a brief "Last Word" on that great subject—a word, like its predecessors, of open-hearted and free conversation with the readers of this review.

I suppose I am not by nature disposed to think so much as most people do of "institutions." The Americans think and talk very much of their "institutions;" I am by nature inclined to call all this sort of thing *machinery*, and to regard rather men and their characters. But the more I saw of America, the more I found myself led to treat "institutions" with increased respect. Until I went to the United States I had never seen a people with institutions which seemed expressly and thoroughly suited to it. I had not properly appreciated the benefits proceeding from this cause.

Sir Henry Maine, in an admirable essay which, though not signed, betrays him for its author by its rare and characteristic qualities of mind and style—Sir Henry Maine in the *Quarterly Review* adopts and often reiterates a phrase of M. Scherer, to the effect that "democracy is only a form of government." He holds up to ridicule a sentence of Mr. Bancroft's history, in which the American democracy is told that its ascent to power "proceeded as uniformly and majestically as the laws of being, and was as certain as the decrees of eternity." Let us be willing to give Sir Henry Maine his way, and to allow no magnificent claim of this kind on behalf of the American democracy. Let us treat as not more solid the assertion in the Declaration of Independence, that "all men are created equal, are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among them life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Let us concede that these natural rights are a figment; that chance and circumstance, as much as deliberate foresight and design, have brought the United States into their present condition, that moreover the British rule which they threw off was not the rule of oppressors and tyrants which de-

claimers suppose, and that the merit of the Americans was not that of oppressed men rising against tyrants, but rather of sensible young people getting rid of stupid and overweening guardians who misunderstood and mismanaged them.

All this let us concede, if we will; but in conceding it let us not lose sight of the really important point, which is this: that their institutions do in fact suit the people of the United States so well, and that from this suitableness they do derive so much actual benefit. As one watches the play of their institutions, the image suggests itself to one's mind of a man in a suit of clothes which fits him to perfection, leaving all his movements unimpeded and easy. It is loose where it ought to be loose, and it sits close where its sitting close is an advantage. The central government of the United States keeps in its own hands those functions which, if the nation is to have real unity, ought to be kept there; those functions it takes to itself and no others. The State governments and the municipal governments provide people with the fullest liberty of managing their own affairs, and afford, besides, a constant and invaluable school of practical experience. This wonderful suit of clothes, again (to recur to our image), is found also to adapt itself naturally to the wearer's growth, and to admit of all enlargements as they successively arise. I speak of the state of things since the suppression of slavery, of the state of things which meets a spectator's eye at the present time in America. There are points in which the institutions of the United States may call forth criticism. One observer may think that it would be well if the president's term of office were longer, if his ministers sate in Congress or must possess the confidence of Congress. Another observer may say that the marriage laws for the whole nation ought to be fixed by Congress, and not to vary at the will of the legislatures of the several States. I myself was much struck with the inconvenience of not allowing a man to sit in Congress except for his own district; a man like Wendell Phillips was thus excluded, because Boston would not return him. It is as if Mr. Bright could

have no other constituency open to him if Rochdale would not send him to Parliament. But all these are really questions of *machinery* (to use my own term), and ought not so to engage our attention as to prevent our seeing that the capital fact as to the institutions of the United States is this: their suitability to the American people, and their natural and easy working. If we are not to be allowed to say, with Mr. Beecher, that this people has "a genius for the organization of States," then at all events we must admit that in its own organization it has enjoyed the most signal good fortune.

Yes; what is called, in the jargon of the publicists, the political problem and the social problem, the people of the United States does appear to me to have solved, or fortune has solved it for them, with undeniable success. Against invasion and conquest from without they are impregnable strong. As to domestic concerns, the first thing to remember is, that the people over there is at bottom the same people as ourselves, a people with a strong sense for conduct. But there is said to be great corruption among their politicians and in the public service, in municipal administration, and in the administration of justice. Sir Lepel Griffin would lead us to think that the administration of justice, in particular, is so thoroughly corrupt, that a man with a lawsuit has only to provide his lawyer with the necessary funds for bribing the officials, and he can make sure of winning his suit. The Americans themselves use such strong language in describing the corruption prevalent amongst them that they cannot be surprised if strangers believe them. For myself, I had heard and read so much to the discredit of American political life, how all the best men kept aloof from it, and those who gave themselves to it were unworthy, that I ended by supposing that the thing must actually be so, and the good Americans must be looked for elsewhere than in politics. Then I had the pleasure of dining with Mr. Bancroft in Washington; and however he may, in Sir Henry Maine's opinion, overlaud the pre-established harmony of American democracy, he had at any rate invited to meet me

half a dozen politicians whom in England we should pronounce to be members of Parliament of the highest class, in bearing, manners, tone of feeling, intelligence, information. I discovered that in truth the practice, so common in America, of calling a politician "a thief," does not mean so very much more than is meant in England when we have heard Lord Beaconsfield called "a liar" and Mr. Gladstone "a madman." It means, that the speaker disagrees with the politician in question and dislikes him. Not that I assent, on the other hand, to the thick-and-thin American patriots, who will tell you that there is no more corruption in the politics and administration of the United States than in those of England. I believe there *is* more; and that the tone of both is lower there; and this from a cause on which I shall have to touch hereafter. But the corruption is exaggerated; it is not the wide and deep disease it is often represented; it is such that the good elements in the nation may, and I believe will, perfectly work it off; and even now the truth of what I have been saying as to the suitability and successful working of American institutions is not really in the least affected by it.

Furthermore, American society is not in danger from revolution. Here, again, I do not mean that the United States are exempt from the operation of every one of the causes — such a cause as the division between rich and poor, for instance — which may lead to revolution. But I mean that comparatively with the old countries of Europe they are free from the danger of revolution; and I believe that the good elements in them will make a way for them to escape out of what they really have of this danger also, to escape in the future as well as now — the future for which some observers announce this danger as so certain and so formidable. Lord Macaulay predicted that the United States must come in time to just the same state of things which we witness in England; that the cities would fill up and the lands become occupied, and then, he said, the division between rich and poor would establish itself on the same scale as with us, and be just as embarrassing. He for-

got that the United States are without what certainly fixes and accentuates the division between rich and poor — the distinction of classes. Not only have they not the distinction between noble and bourgeois, between aristocracy and middle class; they have not even the distinction between bourgeois and peasant or artisan, between middle and lower class. They have nothing to create it and compel their recognition of it. Their domestic service is done for them by Irish, Germans, Swedes, negroes. Outside domestic service, within the range of conditions which an American may in fact be called upon to traverse, he passes easily from one sort of occupation to another, from poverty to riches, and from riches to poverty. No one of his possible occupations appears degrading to him or makes him lose caste; and poverty itself appears to him as inconvenient and disagreeable rather than as humiliating. When the immigrant from Europe strikes root in his new home, he becomes as the American.

It may be said that the Americans, when they attained their independence, had not the elements for a division into classes, and that they deserve no praise for not having invented one. But I am not now contending that they deserve praise for their institutions, I am saying how well their institutions work. Considering, indeed, how rife are distinctions of rank and class in the world, how prone men in general are to adopt them, how much the Americans themselves, beyond doubt, are capable of feeling their attraction, it shows, I think, at least strong good sense in the Americans to have forborne from all attempt to invent them at the outset, and to have escaped or resisted any fancy for inventing them since. But evidently the United States constituted themselves, not amid the circumstances of a feudal age, but in a modern age; not under the conditions of an epoch favorable to subordination, but under those of an epoch of expansion. Their institutions did but comply with the form and pressure of the circumstances and conditions then present. A feudal age, an epoch of war, defence, and concentration, needs centres of power and property, and it reinforces property by joining distinctions of rank and class with it. Property becomes more honorable, more solid. And in feudal ages this is well, for its changing hands easily would be a source of weakness. But in ages of expansion, where men are bent that every one shall have his chance, the more readily property changes hands

the better. The envy with which its holder is regarded diminishes, society is safer. I think whatever may be said of the worship of the almighty dollar in America, it is indubitable that rich men are regarded there with less envy and hatred than rich men are in Europe. Why is this? Because their condition is less fixed, because government and legislation do not take them more seriously than other people, make grandees of them, aid them to found families and endure. With us, the chief holders of property are grandees already, and every rich man aspires to become a grandee if possible. And therefore an English country gentleman regards himself as part of the system of nature; government and legislation have invited him so to do. If the price of wheat falls so low that his means of expenditure are greatly reduced, he tells you that if this lasts he cannot possibly go on as a country gentleman; and every well-bred person amongst us looks sympathizing and shocked. An American would say: "Why should he?" The Conservative newspapers are fond of giving us, as an argument for the game-laws, the plea that without them a country gentleman could not be induced to live on his estate. An American would say: "What does it matter?" Perhaps to an English ear this will sound brutal; but the point is that the American does not take his rich man so seriously as we do ours, does not make him into a grandee; the thing, if proposed to him, would strike him as an absurdity. I suspect that Mr. Winans himself, the American millionaire who adds deer-forest to deer-forest, and will not suffer a cottier to keep a pet lamb, regards his own performance as a colossal stroke of American humor, illustrating the absurdities of the British system of property and privilege. Ask Mr. Winans if he would promote the introduction of the British game-laws into the United States, and he would tell you with a merry laugh that the idea is ridiculous, and that these British follies are for home consumption.

The example of France must not mislead us. There the institutions, an objector may say, are republican, and yet the division and hatred between rich and poor is intense. True; but in France, though the institutions may be republican, the ideas and morals are not republican. In America not only are the institutions republican, but the ideas and morals prevailing republican also. They are those of a plain, decent middle class. The ideal of those who are the public instruc

tors of the people is the ideal of such a class. In France the ideal of the mass of popular journalists and popular writers of fiction, who are now practically the public instructors there, is, if you could see their hearts, a Pompadour or Du Barry régime, with themselves for the part of Faublas. With this ideal prevailing, this vision of the objects for which wealth is desirable, the possessors of wealth become hateful to the multitude which toils and endures, and society is undermined. This is one of the many inconveniences which the French have to suffer from that worship of the great goddess Lubricity to which they are at present vowed. Wealth excites the most savage enmity there, because it is conceived as a means for gratifying appetites of the most selfish and vile kind. But in America Faublas is no more the ideal than Coriolanus. Wealth is no more conceived as the minister to the pleasures of a class of rakes, than as the minister to the magnificence of a class of nobles. It is conceived as a thing which almost any American may attain, and which almost every American will use respectably. Its possession, therefore, does not inspire hatred, and so I return to the thesis with which I started — America is not in danger of revolution. The division between rich and poor is alleged to us as a cause of revolution which presently, if not now, must operate there, as elsewhere; and yet we see that this cause has not there, in truth, the characters to which we are elsewhere accustomed.

A people homogeneous, a people which had to constitute itself in a modern age, an epoch of expansion, and which has given to itself institutions entirely fitted for such an age and epoch, and which suit it perfectly — a people not in danger of war from without, not in danger of revolution from within — such is the people of the United States. The political and social problem, then, we must surely allow that they solve successfully. There remains, I know, the human problem also; the solution of that too has to be considered; but I shall come to that hereafter. My point at present is, that politically and socially the United States are a community living in a natural condition, and conscious of living in a natural condition. And being in this healthy case, and having this healthy consciousness, the community there uses its understanding with the soundness of health; it in general sees its political and social concerns straight, and sees them clear. So that when Sir Henry

Maine and M. Scherer tell us that democracy is "merely a form of government," we may observe to them that it is in the United States a form of government in which the community feels itself in a natural condition and at ease; in which, consequently, it sees things straight and sees them clear.

More than half one's interest in watching the English people of the United States comes, of course, from the bearing of what one finds there upon things at home, amongst us English people ourselves in these islands. I have frankly recorded what struck me and came as most new to me in the condition of the English race in the United States. I had said beforehand, indeed, that I supposed the American Philistine was a livelier sort of Philistine than ours, because he had not that pressure of the barbarians to stunt and distort him which befalls his English brother here. But I did not foresee how far his superior liveliness and naturalness of condition, in the absence of that pressure, would carry the American Philistine. I still use my old name *Philistine*, because it does in fact seem to me as yet to suit the bulk of the community over there, as it suits the strong central body of the community here. But in my mouth the name is hardly a reproach, so clearly do I see the Philistine's necessity, so willingly I own his merits, so much I find of him in myself. The American Philistine, however, is certainly far more different from his English brother than I had beforehand supposed. And on that difference we English of the old country may with great profit turn our regards for a while, and I am now going to speak of it.

Surely if there is one thing more than another which all the world is saying of our community at present, and of which the truth cannot well be disputed, it is this: that we act like people who do not think straight and see clear. I know that the Liberal newspapers used to be fond of saying that what characterized our middle class was its "clear, manly intelligence, penetrating through sophisms, ignoring commonplaces, and giving to conventional illusions their true value." Many years ago I took alarm at seeing the *Daily News* and the *Morning Star*, like Zedekiah the son of Chenaanah, thus making horns of iron for the middle class and bidding it "Go up and prosper!" and my first efforts as a writer on public matters were prompted by a desire to utter, like Micaiah the son of Imlah, my pro-

test against these misleading assurances of the false prophets. And though often and often smitten on the cheek, just as Micaiah was, still I persevered; and at the Royal Institution I said how we seemed to flounder and to beat the air, and at Liverpool I singled out as our chief want the want of lucidity. But now everybody is really saying of us the same thing: that we fumble because we cannot make up our mind, and that we cannot make up our mind because we do not know what to be after. If our foreign policy is not that of "the British Philistine, with his likes and dislikes, his effusion and confusion, his hot and cold fits, his want of dignity and of the steadfastness which comes from dignity, his want of ideas and of the steadfastness which comes from ideas," then all the world at the present time is, it must be owned, very much mistaken.

Let us not, therefore, speak of foreign affairs; it is needless, because the thing I wish to show is so manifest there to everybody. But we will consider matters at home. Let us take the present state of the House of Commons. Can anything be more confused, more unnatural? That assembly has got into a condition utterly embarrassed, and seems impotent to bring itself right. The members of the House themselves may find entertainment in the personal incidents which such a state of confusion is sure to bring forth abundantly, and excitement in the opportunities thus often afforded for the display of Mr. Gladstone's wonderful powers. But to any judicious Englishman outside the House the spectacle is simply an afflicting and humiliating one; the sense aroused by it is not a sense of delight at Mr. Gladstone's tireless powers, it is rather a sense of disgust at their having to be so exercised. Every day the House of Commons does not sit judicious people feel relief, every day that it sits they are oppressed with apprehension. Instead of being an edifying influence, as such an assembly ought to be, the House of Commons is at present an influence which does harm; it sets an example which rebukes and corrects none of the nation's faults, but rather encourages them. The best thing to be done at present, perhaps, is to avert one's eyes from the House of Commons as much as possible; if one keeps on constantly watching it welter in its baneful confusion, one is likely to fall into the fulminating style of the wrathful Hebrew prophets, and to call it "an astonishment, a hissing, and a curse."

Well, then, our greatest institution, the House of Commons, we cannot say is at present working, like the American institutions, easily and successfully. Suppose we now pass to Ireland. I will not ask if our institutions work easily and successfully in Ireland; to ask such a question would be too bitter, too cruel a mockery. Those hateful cases which have been tried in the Dublin courts this last year suggest the dark and ill-omened word which applies to the whole state of Ireland — *anti-natural*. *Anti-natural*, *anti-nature* — that is the word which rises irresistibly in my mind as I survey Ireland. Everything is unnatural there — the proceedings of the English who rule, the proceedings of the Irish who resist. But it is with the working of our English institutions there that I am now concerned. It is unnatural that Ireland should be governed by Lord Spencer and Mr. Campbell Bannerman — as unnatural as for Scotland to be governed by Lord Cranbrook and Mr. Healy. It is unnatural that Ireland should be governed under a Crimes Act. But there is necessity, replies the government. Well, then, if there is such evil necessity, it is unnatural that the Irish newspapers should be free to write as they write and the Irish members to speak as they speak — free to inflame and further exasperate a seditious people's minds, and to promote the continuance of the evil necessity. A necessity for the Crimes Act is a necessity for absolute government. By our patchwork proceedings we set up, indeed, a make-believe of Ireland's being constitutionally governed. But it is not constitutionally governed; nobody supposes it to be constitutionally governed, except, perhaps, that born swallower of all clap-trap, the British Philistine. The Irish themselves, the all-important personages in this case, are not taken in; our make-believe does not produce in them the very least gratitude, the very least softening. At the same time it adds an hundred fold to the difficulties of an absolute government.

The working of our institutions being thus awry, is the working of our thoughts upon them more smooth and natural? I imagine to myself an American, his own institutions and his habits of thought being such as we have seen, listening to us as we talk politics and discuss the strained state of things over here. "Certainly these men have considerable difficulties," he would say; "but they never look at them straight, they do not think straight." Who does not admire the fine qualities of

Lord Spencer?—and I, for my part, am quite ready to admit that he may require for a given period not only the present Crimes Act, but even yet more stringent powers of repression. *For a given period*, yes!—but afterwards? Has Lord Spencer any clear vision of the great, the profound changes still to be wrought before a stable and prosperous society can arise in Ireland? Has he even any ideal for the future there, beyond that of a time when he can go to visit Lord Kenmare, or any other great landlord who is his friend, and find all the tenants punctually paying their rents, prosperous and deferential, and society in Ireland settling quietly down again upon the old basis? And he might as well hope to see Strongbow come to life again! Which of us does not esteem and like Mr. Trevelyan, and rejoice in the high promise of his career? And how all his friends applauded when he turned upon the exasperating and insulting Irish members, and told them that he was “an English gentleman”! Yet, if one thinks of it, Mr. Trevelyan was thus telling the Irish members simply that he was just that which Ireland does not want, and which can do her no good. England, to be sure, has given Ireland plenty of her worst, but she has also given her not scantily of her best. Ireland has had no insufficient supply of the English gentleman, with his honesty, personal courage, high bearing, good intentions, and limited vision; what she wants is statesmen with just the qualities which the typical English gentleman has not—flexibility, openness of mind, a free and large view of things.

Everywhere we shall find in our thinking a sort of warp inclining it aside of the real mark, and thus depriving it of value. The common run of peers who write to the *Times* about reform of the House of Lords one would not much expect, perhaps, to “understand the signs of this time.” But even the Duke of Argyll, delivering his mind about the land question in Scotland, is like one seeing, thinking, and speaking in some other planet than ours. A man of even Mr. John Morley’s gifts is provoked with the House of Lords, and straightway he declares himself against the existence of a second chamber at all; although—if there be such a thing as demonstration in politics—the working of the American Senate demonstrates a well-composed second chamber to be the very need and safeguard of a modern democracy. What a singular twist, again, in a man of Mr. Frederic

Harrison’s intellectual power, not, perhaps, to have in the exuberance of youthful energy weighted himself for the race of life by taking up a grotesque old French pedant upon his shoulders, but to have insisted, in middle age, in taking up the Protestant Dissenters too; and now, when he is becoming elderly, it seems as if nothing would serve him but he must add the Peace Society to his load! How perverse, yet again, in Mr. Herbert Spencer, at the very moment when past neglects and present needs are driving men to co-operation, to making the community act for the public good in its collective and corporate character of *the State*, how perverse to seize this occasion for promulgating the extremest doctrine of individualism; and not only to drag this dead horse along the public road himself, but to induce Mr. Auberon Herbert to devote his days to flogging it!

We think thus unaccountably because we are living in an unnatural and strained state. We are like people whose vision is deranged by their looking through a turbid and distorting atmosphere, or whose movements are warped by the cramping of some unnatural constraint. Let us just ask ourselves, looking at the thing as people simply desirous of finding the truth, how men who saw and thought straight would proceed, how an American, for instance—whose seeing and thinking has, I have said, if not in all matters, yet commonly in political and social concerns, this quality of straightness—how an American would proceed in the three confusions which I have given as instances of the many confusions now embarrassing us: the confusion of our foreign affairs, the confusion of the House of Commons, the confusion of Ireland. And then, when we have discovered the kind of proceeding natural in these cases, let us ask ourselves, with the same sincerity, what is the cause of that warp of mind hindering most of us from seeing straight in them, and also where is our remedy.

The Angra Pequena business has lately called forth from all sides many and harsh animadversions upon Lord Granville, who is charged with the direction of our foreign affairs. I shall not swell the chorus of complainers. Nothing has happened but what was to be expected. Long ago I remarked that it is not Lord Granville himself who determines our foreign policy and shapes the declarations of government concerning it, but a power behind Lord Granville. He and his colleagues would call it the power of public opinion. It is

really the opinion of that great ruling class amongst us on which Liberal governments have hitherto had to depend for support — the Philistines or middle class. It is not, I repeat, with Lord Granville in his natural state and force that a foreign government has to deal; it is with Lord Granville waiting in devout expectation to see how the cat will jump — and that cat the British Philistine. When Prince Bismarck deals with Lord Granville, he finds that he is not dealing mind to mind with an intelligent equal, but that he is dealing with a tumult of likes and dislikes, hopes and fears, stock-jobbing intrigues, missionary interests, quidnuncs, newspapers — dealing, in short, with *ignorance* behind his intelligent equal. Yet ignorant as our Philistine middle class may be, its volitions on foreign affairs would have more intelligibility and consistency if uttered through a spokesman of their own class. Coming through a nobleman like Lord Granville, who has neither the thoughts, habits, nor ideals of the middle class, and yet wishes to act as proctor for it, they have every disadvantage. He cannot even do justice to the Philistine mind, such as it is, for which he is spokesman; he apprehends it uncertainly and expounds it ineffectively. And so with the house and lineage of Murdstone thundering at him (and these, again, through Lord Derby as their interpreter) from the Cape, and the inexorable Prince Bismarck thundering at him from Berlin, the thing naturally ends by Lord Granville at last wringing his adroit hands and ejaculating disconsolately: "It is a misunderstanding altogether!" Even yet more to be pitied, perhaps, was the hard case of Lord Kimberley after the Majuba Hill disaster. Who can ever forget him, poor man, studying the faces of the representatives of the Dissenting interest and exclaiming: "A sudden thought strikes me! May we not be incurring the sin of blood-guiltiness?" To this has come the tradition of Lord Somers, the Whig oligarchy of 1688, and all Lord Macaulay's Pantheon.

I said that a source of strength to America, in political and social concerns, was the homogeneous character of American society. An American statesman speaks with more effect the mind of his fellow-citizens from his being in sympathy with it, understanding and sharing it. Certainly one must admit that if, in our country of classes, the Philistine middle class is really the inspirer of our foreign policy, that policy would at least be expounded more forcibly if it had a Philistine for its

spokesman. Yet I think the true moral to be drawn is rather, perhaps, this: that our foreign policy would be improved if our whole society were homogeneous.

As to the confusion in the House of Commons, what, apart from defective rules of procedure, are its causes? First and foremost, no doubt, the temper and action of the Irish members. But putting this cause of confusion out of view for a moment, every one can see that the House of Commons is far too large, and that it undertakes a quantity of business which belongs more properly to local assemblies. The confusion from these causes is one which is constantly increasing, because, as the country becomes fuller and more awakened, business multiplies, and more and more members of the House are inclined to take part in it. Is not the cure for this found in a course like that followed in America, in having a much less numerous House of Commons, and in making over a large part of its business to local assemblies, elected, as the House of Commons itself will henceforth be elected, by household suffrage? I have often said that we seem to me to need at present, in England, three things in especial: more equality, education for the middle classes, and a thorough municipal system. A system of local assemblies is but the natural complement of a thorough municipal system. Wholes neither too large nor too small, not necessarily of equal population by any means, but with characters rendering them in themselves fairly homogeneous and coherent, are the fit units for choosing these local assemblies. Such units occur immediately to one's mind in the provinces of Ireland, the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland, Wales north and south, groups of English counties such as present themselves in the circuits of the judges or under the names of East Anglia or the Midlands. No one will suppose me guilty of the pedantry of here laying out definitive districts; I do but indicate such units as may enable the reader to conceive the kind of basis required for the local assemblies of which I am speaking. The business of these districts would be more advantageously done in assemblies of the kind; they would form a useful school for the increasing number of aspirants to public life, and the House of Commons would be relieved.

The strain in Ireland would be relieved too, and by natural and safe means. Irishmen are to be found, who, in desperation at the present state of their country, cry out for making Ireland independent and

separate, with a national Parliament in Dublin, with her own Foreign Office and diplomacy, her own army and navy, her own tariff, coinage, and currency. This is manifestly impracticable. But here again let us look at what is done by people who in politics think straight and see clear; let us observe what is done in the United States. The government at Washington reserves matters of imperial concern, matters such as those just enumerated, which cannot be relinquished without relinquishing the unity of the empire. Neither does it allow one great South to be constituted, or one great West, with a Southern Parliament, or a Western. Provinces that are too large are broken up, as Virginia has been broken up. But the several States are nevertheless real and important wholes, each with its own legislature; and to each the control, within its own borders, of all except imperial concerns is freely committed. The United States government intervenes only to keep order in the last resort. Let us suppose a similar plan applied in Ireland. There are four provinces there, forming four natural wholes—or perhaps (if it should seem expedient to put Munster and Connaught together) three. The Parliament of the empire would still be in London, and Ireland would send members to it. But at the same time each Irish province would have its own legislature, and the control of its own real affairs. The British landlord would no longer determine the dealings with land in an Irish province, nor the British Protestant the dealings with Church and education. Apart from imperial concerns, or from disorder such as to render military intervention necessary, the government in London would leave Ireland to manage itself. Lord Spencer and Mr. Campbell Bannerman would come back to England. Dublin Castle would be the State House of Leinster. Land questions, game laws, police, Church, education, would be regulated by the people and legislature of Leinster for Leinster, of Ulster for Ulster, of Munster and Connaught for Munster and Connaught. The same with the like matters in England and Scotland. The local legislatures would regulate them.

But there is more. Everybody who watches the working of our institutions perceives what strain and friction is caused in it at present, by our having a second chamber composed almost entirely of great landowners, and representing the feelings and interests of the class of landowners almost exclusively. No one, cer-

tainly, under the conditions of a modern age and our actual life, would ever think of devising such a chamber. But we will allow ourselves to do more than merely state this truism, we will allow ourselves to ask what sort of second chamber people who thought straight and saw clear would, under the conditions of a modern age and of our actual life, naturally make. And we find, from the experience of the United States, that such provincial legislatures as we have just now seen to be the natural remedy for the confusion in the House of Commons, the natural remedy for the confusion in Ireland, have the further great merit besides of giving us the best basis possible for a modern second chamber. The United States Senate is perhaps, of all the institutions of that country, the most happily devised, the most successful in its working. The legislature of each State of the Union elects two senators to the second chamber of the national Congress at Washington. The senators are the Lords—if we like to keep, as it is surely best to keep, for designating the members of the second chamber, the title to which we have been for so many ages habituated. Each of the provincial legislatures of Great Britain and Ireland would elect members to the House of Lords. The colonial legislatures also would elect members to it; and thus we should be complying in the most simple and yet the most signal way possible with the present desire of both this country and the colonies for a closer union together, for some representation of the colonies in the Imperial Parliament. Probably it would be found expedient to transfer to the second chamber the representatives of the universities. But no scheme for a second chamber will at the present day be found solid unless it stands on a genuine basis of election and representation. All schemes for forming a second chamber through nomination, whether by the crown or by any other voice, of picked noblemen, great officials, leading merchants and bankers, eminent men of letters and science, are fantastic. Probably they would not give us by any means a good second chamber. But certainly they would not satisfy the country or possess its confidence, and therefore they would be found futile and unworkable.

So we discover what would naturally appear the desirable way out of some of our worst confusions to anybody who saw clear and thought straight. But there is little likelihood, probably, of any such way

being soon perceived and followed by our community here. And why is this? Because, as a community, we have so little lucidity, we so little see clear and think straight. And why, again, is this? Because our community is so little homogeneous. The lower class has yet to show what it will do in politics. Rising politicians are already beginning to flatter it with servile assiduity, but their praise is as yet premature, the lower class is too little known. The upper class and the middle class we know. They have each their own supposed interests, and these are very different from the true interests of the community. Our very classes make us dim seeing. In a modern time, we are living with a system of classes so intense, a society of such unnatural complication, that the whole action of our minds is hampered and falsened by it. I return to my old thesis: inequality is our bane. The great impediments in our way of progress are aristocracy and Protestant dissent. People think this is an epigram; alas, it is much rather a truism!

An aristocratical society like ours is often said to be the society from which artists and men of letters have most to gain. But an institution is to be judged, not by what one can oneself gain from it, but by the ideal which it sets up. And aristocracy — if I may once more repeat words which, however often repeated, have still a value from their truth — aristocracy now sets up in our country a false ideal, which materializes our upper class, vulgarizes our middle class, brutalizes our lower class. It misleads the young, makes the worldly more worldly, the limited more limited, the stationary more stationary. Even to the imaginative, whom Lord John Manners thinks its sure friend, it is more a hindrance than a help. Johnson says well: "Whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings." But what is a Duke of Norfolk or an Earl Warwick, dressed in broadcloth and tweed, and going about his business or pleasure in hansom cabs and railways like the rest of us? Imagination herself would entreat him to take himself out of the way, and to leave us to the Norfolks and Warwicks of history.

I say this without a particle of hatred, and with esteem, admiration, and affection for many individuals in the aristocratical class. But the action of time and circumstance is fatal. If one asks oneself what is really to be desired, what is expedient, one would go far beyond the substitution of an

elect second chamber for the present House of Lords. All confiscation is to be reprobated, all deprivation (except in bad cases of abuse) of what is actually possessed. But one would wish, if one set about wishing, for the extinction of title after the death of the holder, and for the dispersion of property by a stringent law of bequest. Our society should be homogeneous, and only in this way can it become so.

But aristocracy is in little danger. "I suppose, sir," a Dissenting minister said to me the other day, "you found, when you were in America, that they envied us there our great aristocracy." It was his sincere belief that they did, and such probably is the sincere belief of our middle class in general; or at any rate, that if the Americans do not envy us this possession, they ought to. And my friend, one of the great Liberal party which has now, I suppose, pretty nearly run down its deceased wife's sister, poor thing, has his hand and heart full, so far as politics are concerned, of the question of Church disestablishment. He is eager to set to work at a change which, even if it were desirable (and I think it is not), is yet off the line of those reforms which are really pressing.

Mr. Lyulph Stanley, Professor Stuart, and Lord Richard Grosvenor are waiting ready to help him, and perhaps Mr. Chamberlain himself will lead the attack. I admire Mr. Chamberlain as a politician because he has the courage — and it is a wise courage — to state large the reforms we need, instead of minimizing them. But like Saul before his conversion, he breathes out threatenings and slaughter against the Church, and is likely, perhaps, to lead an assault upon her. He is a formidable assailant, yet I suspect he might break his finger-nails on her walls. If the Church has the majority for her, she will of course stand. But in any case this institution, with all its faults, has that merit which makes the great strength of institutions — it offers an ideal which is noble and attaching. Equality is its profession, if not always its practice. It inspires wide and deep affection, and possesses, therefore, immense strength. Probably the Establishment will not stand in Wales, probably it will not stand in Scotland. In Wales it ought not, I think, to stand. In Scotland I should regret its fall; but Presbyterian Churches are born to separatism, as the sparks fly upward. At any rate, it is through the vote of local legislatures that disestablishment is likely to

come, as a measure required in certain provinces, and not as a general measure for the whole country. In other words, the endeavor for disestablishment ought to be postponed to the endeavor for far more important reforms, not to precede it. Yet I doubt whether Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Lyulph Stanley will listen to me when I plead thus with them; there is so little lucidity in England, and they will say I am priest-ridden.

One man there is, whom above all others I would fain have seen in Parliament during the last ten years, and beheld established in influence there at this juncture — Mr. Goldwin Smith. I do not say that he was not too embittered against the Church; in my opinion he was. But with singular lucidity and penetration he saw what great reforms were needed in other directions, and the order of relative importance in which reforms stood. Such were his character, style, and faculties, that alone perhaps among men of his insight he was capable of getting his ideas weighed and entertained by men in power; while amid all favor and under all temptations he was certain to have still remained true to his insight, "unshaken, unseduced, unterrified." I think of him as a real power for good in Parliament at this time, had he by now become, as he might have become, one of the leaders there. His absence from the scene, his retirement in Canada, is a loss to his friends, but a still greater loss to his country.

Hardly inferior in influence to Parliament itself is journalism. I do not conceive of Mr. John Morley as made for filling that position in Parliament which Mr. Goldwin Smith would, I think, have filled. If he controls, as Protesilaos in the poem advises, hysterical passion (the besetting danger of men of letters on the platform and in Parliament) and remembers to approve "the depth and not the tumult of the soul," he will be powerful in Parliament; he will rise, he will come into office; but he will not do for us in Parliament, I think, what Mr. Goldwin Smith would have done. He is too much of a partisan. In journalism, on the other hand, he was as unique a figure as Mr. Goldwin Smith would, I imagine, have been in Parliament. As a journalist, Mr. John Morley showed a mind which seized and understood the signs of the times; he had all the ideas of a man of the best insight, and alone, perhaps, among men of his insight, he had the skill for making these ideas pass into journalism. But

Mr. John Morley has now left journalism. There is plenty of talent in Parliament, plenty of talent in journalism, but no one in either to expound "the signs of this time" as these two men might have expounded them. The signs of the time, political and social, are left, I regret to say, to bring themselves as they best can to the notice of the public. Yet how ineffective an organ is literature for conveying them compared with Parliament and journalism!

Conveyed somehow, however, they certainly should be, and in this disquisition I have tried to deal with them. But the political and social problem, as the thinkers call it, must not so occupy us as to make us forget the human problem. The problems are connected together, but they are not identical. Our political and social confusions I admit; what Parliament is at this moment, I see and deplore. Yet nowhere but in England even now, not in France, not in Germany, not in America, could there be found public men of that quality — so capable of fair dealing, of trusting one another, keeping their word to one another — as to make possible such a settlement of the Franchise and Seats Bills as that which we have lately seen. Plato says with most profound truth: "The man who would think to good purpose must be able to take many things into his view together." How homogeneous American society is, I have done my best to declare; how smoothly and naturally the institutions of the United States work, how clearly, in some most important respects, the Americans see, how straight they think. Yet Sir Lepel Griffin says that there is no country calling itself civilized where one would not rather live than in America, except Russia. In politics I do not much trust Sir Lepel Griffin. I hope that he administers in India some district where a profound insight into the being and working of institutions is not requisite. But, I suppose, of the tastes of himself and of that large class of Englishmen whom Mr. Charles Sumner has taught us to call the class of gentlemen, he is no untrustworthy reporter. And an Englishman of this class would rather live in France, Spain, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, than in the United States, in spite of our community of race and speech with them! This means that, in the opinion of men of that class, the human problem at least is not well solved in the United States, whatever the political and social problem may be. And to the human prob-

lem in the United States we ought certainly to turn our attention, especially when we find taken such an objection as this; and some day, though not now, we will do so, and try to see what the objection comes to. I have given hostages to the United States, I am bound to them by the memory of great, untiring, and most attaching kindness. I should not like to have to own them to be of all countries calling themselves civilized, except Russia, the country where one would least like to live.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

From Chambers' Journal.
A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER VII.

"SHE has come to stay," Frances said.

"WHAT?" cried Mariuccia, making the small monosyllable sound as if it were the biggest word in her vocabulary.

"She has come to stay. She is my sister; papa's daughter as much as I am. She has come — home." Frances was a little uncertain about the word, and it was only *a casa* that she said — "to the house," which means the same.

Mariuccia threw up her arms in astonishment. "Then there has been another signorina all the time!" she cried. "Figure to yourself that I have been with the padrone a dozen years, and I never heard of her before."

"Papa does not talk very much about his concerns," said Frances in her faithfulness. "And what we have got to do is to make her very comfortable. She is very pretty, don't you think? Such beautiful blond hair — and tall. I never shall be tall, I fear. They say she is like papa; but, as is natural, she is much more beautiful than papa."

"Beauty is as you find it," said Mariuccia. "Carina, no one will ever be so pretty as our own signorina to Domenico and me. What is the child doing? She is pulling the things off her own bed. My angel, you have lost your good sense. You are fluttered and upset by this new arrival. The blue room will be very good for the new young lady. Perhaps she will not stay very long?"

The wish was father to the thought. But Frances took no notice of the suggestion. She said briskly, going on with what she was doing: "She must have

my room, Mariuccia. The blue room is *quite* nice; it will do very well for me; but I should like her to feel at home, not to think our house was bare and cold. The blue room would be rather naked, if we were to put her there to-night. It will not be naked for me; for, of course, I am used to it all, and know everything. But when Constance wakes to-morrow morning and looks round her, and wonders where she is — oh, how strange it all seems! — I wish her to open her eyes upon things that are pretty, and to say to herself: 'What a delightful house papa has! What a nice room! I feel as if I had been here all my life.'"

"Constanza — is that her name? It is rather a common name — not distinguished, like our signorina's. But it is very good for her, I have no doubt. And so you will give her your own room, that she may be fond of the house, and stay and supplant you? That is what will happen. The good one, the one of gold, gets pushed out of the way. I would not give her my room to make her love the house."

"I think you would, Mariuccia."

"No; I do not think so," said Mariuccia, squaring herself with one arm akimbo. "No; I do not deny that I would probably take some new things into the blue room, and put up curtains. But I am older than you are, and I have more sense. I would not do it. If she gets your room, she will get your place; and she will please everybody, and be admired, and my angel will be put out of the way."

"I am such a horrid little wretch," said Frances, "that I thought of that too. It was mean, oh, so mean of me. She is prettier than I am; and taller; and — yes, of course, she must be older too, so you see it is her right."

"Is she the eldest?" asked Mariuccia.

Frances made a puzzled pause; but she would not let the woman divine that she did not know. "O yes; she must be the eldest. Come quick, Mariuccia; take all these things to the blue room; and now for your clean linen and everything that is nice and sweet."

Mariuccia did what she was told, but with many objections. She carried on a running murmur of protest all the time. "When there are changes in a family; when it is by the visitation of God, that is another matter. A son or a daughter who is in trouble, who has no other refuge; that is natural; there is nothing to say. But to remain away during a dozen years, and then to come back at a moment's

notice — nay, without even a moment's notice — in the evening, when all the beds are made up, and demand everything that is comfortable! I have always thought that there was a great deal to be said for the poor young signorino in the Bible, he who had always stayed at home when his brother was amusing himself. Carina, you know what I mean."

"I have thought of that too," said Frances. "But my sister is not a prodigal; and papa has never done anything for her. It is all quite different. When we know each other better, it will be delightful always to have a companion, Mariuccia — think how pleasant it will be always to have a companion. I wonder if she will like my pictures? Now, don't you think the room looks very pretty? I always thought it was a pretty room. Leave the *persiane* open, that she may see the sea; and in the morning, don't forget to come in and close them, before the sun gets hot. I think that will do now."

"Indeed, I hope it will do — after all the trouble you have taken. And I hope the young lady is worthy of it. But, my angel, what shall I do when I come in to wake her? Does she expect that I can talk her language to her? No, no. And she will know nothing; she will not even be able to say good-morning."

"I hope so. But if not, you must call me first, that is all," said Frances cheerfully. "Now, don't go to bed just yet; perhaps she will like something — some tea; or perhaps a little supper; or — I never asked if she had dined."

Mariuccia regarded this possibility with equanimity. She was not afraid of a girl's appetite. But she made a grimace at the mention of the tea. "It is good when one has a cold; oh yes," she said; "but to drink it at all times, as you do! If she wants anything, it will be a great deal better to give her a sirop, or a little red wine."

Frances detained Mariuccia as long as she could, and lingered herself still longer, after all was ready in the room. She did not know how to go back to the drawing-room, where she had left the two together, to say to each other, no doubt, many things that could be better said in her absence. There was no jealousy, only delicacy, in this; and she had given up her pretty room to her sister, and carried her indispensable belongings to the bare one, with the purest pleasure in making Constance comfortable. Constance! whom an hour ago she had never heard

of, and who now was one of them, nearer to her than anybody, except her father. But all this being done, she had the strangest difficulty in going back, in thrusting herself, as imagination said, between them, and interrupting their talk. To think that it should be such a tremendous matter to return to that familiar room, in which the greater part of her life had been passed! It felt like another world into which she was about to enter, full of unknown elements and conditions which she did not understand. She had not known what it was to be shy in the very limited society she had ever known; but she was shy now, feeling as if she had not courage to put her hand upon the handle of the door. The familiar creak and jar of it as it opened seemed to her like noisy instruments announcing her approach, which stopped the conversation, as she had divined, and made her father and her sister look up with a little start. Frances could have wished to sink through the floor, to get rid of her own being altogether, as she saw them both give this slight start. Constance was leaning upon the table, the light of the lamp shining full upon her face, with the air of being in the midst of an animated narrative, which she stopped when Frances entered; and Mr. Waring had been listening with a smile. He turned half round and held out his hand to the timid girl behind him. "Come, Frances," he said; "you have been a long time making your preparations. Have you been bringing out the fairest robe for your sister?" It was odd how the parable — which had no signification in their circumstances — haunted them all.

"Your room is quite ready whenever you please. And would you like tea or anything? I ought to have asked if you had dined," Frances said.

"Is she the housekeeper? How odd! Do you look after everything? Dear me! I am afraid, in that case, I shall make a very poor substitute for Frances, papa."

"It is not necessary to think of that," he said hastily, giving her a quick glance.

Frances saw it, with another involuntary, quickly suppressed pang. Of course, there would be things that Constance must be warned not to say. And yet it felt as if papa had deserted her and gone over to the other side. She had not the remotest conception what the warning referred to, or what Constance meant.

"I dined at the hotel," Constance went on, "with those people whom I travelled with. I suppose you will have to call and be civil. They were quite delighted to

think that they would know somebody at Bordighera — some of the inhabitants. Yes, tea, if you please. And then I think I shall go to bed; for twenty-four hours in the train is very fatiguing, besides the excitement. Don't you think Frances is very much like mamma? There is a little way she has of setting her chin. Look there! That is mamma all over. I think they would get on together very well: indeed, I feel sure of it." And again there was a significant look exchanged, which once more went like a sting to Frances's heart.

"Your sister has been telling me," said Mr. Waring, with a little hesitation, "of a great many people I used to know. You must be very much surprised, my dear; but I will take an opportunity —" He was confused before her, as if he had been before a judge. He gave her a look which was half shame and half gratitude, sentiments both entirely out of place between him and Frances. She could not bear that he should look at her so.

"Yes, papa," she said as easily as she could, "I know you must have a great deal to talk of. If Constance will give me her keys, I will unpack her things for her." Both the girls instinctively, oddly, addressed each other through their father, the only link between them, hesitating a little at the familiarity which nature made necessary between them, but which had no other warrant.

"Oh! isn't there a maid who can do it?" Constance cried, opening her eyes.

The evening seemed long to Frances, though it was not long. Constance trifled over the tea — which Mariuccia made with much reluctance — for half an hour. But she talked all the time; and as her talk was of people Frances had never heard of, and was mingled with little allusions to what had passed before, "I told you about him," "You remember we were talking of them," with a constant recurrence of names which to Frances meant nothing at all, it seemed long to her.

She sat down at the table, and took her knitting, and listened, and tried to look as if she took an interest. She did indeed take a great interest; no one could have been more eager to enter without *arrière pensée* into the new life thus unfolded before her; and sometimes she was amused and could laugh at the stories Constance was telling; but her chief feeling was that sense of being entirely "out of it," having nothing to do with it, which makes people who do not understand society feel like so many ghosts standing on the mar-

gin, knowing nothing. The feeling was strange, and very forlorn. It is an unpleasant experience even for those who are strangers, to whom it is a passing incident; but as the speaker was her sister and the listener her father, Frances could not help feeling forlorn. Generally in the evening conversation flagged between them. He would have his book, and Frances sometimes had a book too, or a drawing upon which she could work, or at least her knitting. She had felt that the silence which reigned in the room was not what ought to be. It was not like the talk which was supposed to go on in all the novels she had ever read where the people were *nice*. And sometimes she attempted to entertain her father with little incidents in the life of their poor neighbors, or things which Mariuccia had told her; but he listened benevolently, with his finger between the leaves of his book, or even without closing his book, looking up at her over the leaves — only out of kindness to her, not because he was interested; and then silence would fall on them, a silence which was very sweet to Frances, in the midst of which her own little stream of thoughts flowed very continuously, but which now and then she was struck to the heart to think must be very dull for papa.

But to-night it was not dull for him. She listened, and said to herself this was the way to make conversation; and laughed whenever she could, and followed every little gesture of her sister's with admiring eyes. But at the end, Frances, though she would not acknowledge it to herself, felt that she had not been amused. She thought the people in the village were just as interesting. But then she was not so clever as Constance, and could not do them justice in the same way.

"And now I am going to bed," Constance said. She rose up in an instant with a rapid movement, as if the thought had only just struck her, and she obeyed the impulse at once. There was a freedom about all her movements which troubled and captivated Frances. She had been leaning half over the table, her sleeves, which were a little wide, falling back from her arms, now leaning her chin in the hollow of one hand, now supporting it with both, putting her elbows wherever she pleased. Frances herself had been trained by Mariuccia to very great decorum in respect to attitudes. If she did furtively now and then lean an elbow upon the table, she was aware that it was wrong all the time; and as for legs, she knew it

was only men who were permitted to cross them, or to do anything save sit with two feet equal to each other upon the floor. But Constance cared for none of these rules. She rose up abruptly (Mariuccia would have said, as if something had stung her) almost before she had finished what she was saying. "Show me my room, please," she said, and yawned. She yawned quite freely, naturally, without any attempt to conceal or to apologize for it as if it had been an accident. Frances could not help being shocked, yet neither could she help laughing with a sort of pleasure in this breach of all rules. But Constance only stared, and did not in the least understand why she should laugh.

"Where have you put your sister?" Mr. Waring asked.

"I have put her — in the room next to yours, papa; between your room and mine, you know: for I am in the blue room now. There she will not feel strange; she will have people on each side."

"That is to say you have given her —" It was Frances's turn now to give a warning glance. "The room I thought she would like best," she said, with a soft but decisive tone. She too had a little imperious way of her own. It was so soft, that a stranger would not have found it out; but in the palazzo they were all acquainted with it, and no one — not even Mariuccia — found it possible to say a word after this small trumpet had sounded. Mr. Waring accordingly was silenced, and made no further remark. He went with his daughters to the door, and kissed the cheek which Constance held lightly to him. "I shall see you again, papa," Frances said, in that same little determined voice.

Mr. Waring did not make any reply, but shrank a little aside, to let her pass. He looked like a man who was afraid. She had spared him; she had not betrayed the ignorance in which he had brought her up; but now the moment of reckoning was near, and he was afraid of Frances. He went back into the salone, and walked up and down with a restlessness which was natural enough, considering how all the embers of his life had been raked up by this unexpected event. He had lived in absolute quiet for fourteen long years a strange life: a life which might have been supposed to be impossible for a man still in the heyday of his strength; but yet, as it appeared, a life which suited him, which he preferred to others more natural. To settle down in an Italian village with a little girl of four

for his sole companion — when he came to think of it, nothing could be more unnatural, more extraordinary; and yet he had liked it well enough, as well as he could have liked anything at that crisis of his fate. He was the kind of man who, in other circumstances, in another age, would have made himself a monk, and spent his existence very placidly in illuminating manuscripts. He had done something as near this as is possible to an Englishman, not a Roman Catholic, of the nineteenth century. Unfortunately, Waring had no ecclesiastical tendencies, or even in the nineteenth century he might have found out for himself some pseudo-monkery in which he could have been happy. As it was, he had retired with his little girl, and on the whole had been comfortable enough. But now the little girl had grown up, and required to have various things accounted for; and the other individuals who had claims upon him, whom he thought he had shaken off altogether, had turned up again, and had to be dealt with. The monk had an easy time of it in comparison. He who has but himself to think of may manage himself, if he has good luck; but the responsibility of others on your shoulders is a terrible drawback to tranquillity. A little girl! that seemed the simplest of all things. It had never occurred to him that she would form a link by which all his former burdens might be drawn back; or that she, more wonderful still, should ever arise, and demand to know why. But both of these impossible things had happened.

Waring walked about the salone. He opened the glass door and stepped out into the loggia into the tranquil shining of the moon, which lit up all the blues of the sea, and kindled little silver lamps all over the quivering palms. How quiet it was! and yet that tranquil nature lying unmoved, taking whatever came of good or evil, did harm in a far more colossal way than any man could do. The sea, then looking so mild, would suddenly rise up and bring havoc and destruction worse than an army; yet next day smile again, and throw its spray into the faces of the children, and lie like a beautiful thing under the light. But a man could not do this. A man had to give an account of all that he had done, whether it was good or whether it was evil — if not to God, which on the whole was the easiest, for God knew all about it, how little harm had been intended, how little anything had been intended, how one mistake involved

another—if not to God, why, to some one harder to face—perhaps to one's little girl.

He came back from the loggia and the moonlight and nature, which, all of them, were so indifferent to what was happening to him, with a feeling that the imperfect human lamp which so easily got out of gear—as easily as a man—was a more appropriate light for his disturbed soul; and met Frances with her brown eyes waiting for him at the door.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

EXPERTS IN HANDWRITING.

"By my life," cries Malvolio, as he picks up the letter dropped by the artful Maria, *the noble gull-catcher*, "this is my lady's hand; these be her very C's, her U's and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand." Nor does the pragmatical steward rely only upon the formation of the capital letters for identification; for in "To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes," he recognizes her very phrases, and, in the impressure of her Lucrece, the seal she was wont to use. In these observations lie almost the entire practice and cunning of a good expert.

The career of the earliest recognized authority on the similarity of handwritings, to whom the title *expert* was first applied, exemplifies so completely the training that all who aspire to eminence in the profession should undergo, that much instruction will be gathered from the recital, to say nothing of its interest. This was the son of a Hampshire farmer, who, the country life lying somewhat heavy on him, about the time of the battle of Waterloo ran away to London to seek his better fortune. He had a fine gift of penmanship and a good tenor voice, and he expected to turn them both to more lucrative account in the great city than in the simple village of Whitchurch. It is pleasant to know that from the first his bold stroke for freedom succeeded, for at a coffee-house which he frequented to study the advertisements in the daily papers, he fortunately at once made the acquaintance of a music-master, employed at a fashionable Kensington school; by whose friendly offices he was himself engaged there to teach writing and the use of the globes, and from among whose pretty scholars came the lady who was afterwards his wife. But with merely a

day employment his energy was not satisfied: there still remained his evenings and his voice, and for both he began to look about him for occupation. In those days, when the ladies and gentlemen of the operatic chorus were rather more distinguished than in these of its decadence—when they were then only called upon to sing for three nights in the week, and received for it a guinea a night—it was not unusual to find among them young men and women of very considerable taste and some position, in lieu of the Hatton Garden tribe who now wave their dingy hands in clothes too large for them. In the old opera-house in the Haymarket the future expert sang regularly with his friend from Kensington, who had been the means of introducing him to the chorus-master, Mr. Lejeune; and there, among many other acquaintanceships, he formed a lasting one with a Bavarian named Hullmandel, from whose offices in Rathbone Place were issuing the first specimens of an art till then unknown in England.

Lithography, the discovery of Senefelder at Munich in about the year 1796, is so closely connected with the study and identity of handwritings—it is, indeed, almost imperative that the expert should have been first trained as a lithographer or a facsimilist—that a brief notice of it is necessary. Alois Senefelder was a poor musician, driven to many straits to find material on which to engrave his compositions, new plates of copper for each being altogether beyond his means. He tried etching on stone, but could not get clear impressions from it, and until chance proved that the stone could be first written on and then printed from, he was in the habit of grinding and polishing afresh the old copperplates after each attempt at engraving. But one morning, when busy at work, his mother asked him to make out the washing-bill, and in the hurry, taking a piece of his smoothed Kelheim stone, he wrote out the bill with the ink he had prepared for his experiments. For some time the stone was laid aside and forgotten, and when he saw it again the ink was so firmly set that the possibility occurred to him of an acid eating away the stone where not protected by the ink, and leaving the writing in relief. Not until two years later did he advance by repeated experiments to the process now known as lithography, which depends, not like the first method, upon leaving the portion to be printed from in relief whilst the rest of the stone is eaten

away, but upon the capacity of the stone for receiving a drawing made with a greasy substance, and the affinity of the drawing so made for absorbing a printing-ink of a like composition in proportion to the quantity of grease in the several parts of the drawing. The capability of this process was soon made apparent; and Senefelder received advice and assistance from the first artists and scientific men in Munich, who fully appreciated its usefulness. The exclusive privilege of employing the process in Bavaria was in 1799 granted to the inventor, who established in Munich a lithographic establishment, which met with much success. In 1817 his book was published, in which he tells the story of his partly accidental discovery, and the next year he entered into partnership arrangements for working the process in other countries, one of which was that presided over by Hullmandel in Rathbone Place.

There, the writing-master and chorus-singer soon grew intimate with the lithographer. The offices were the meeting-place of many of the operatic lights of the day, and there, as a child, might have been almost daily seen, running in and out among the presses, Garcia's little daughter Maria, known subsequently as the great artist Malibran, and soon about to make her first appearance as the "Maid of Artois." Work was almost over plentiful, for the more expensive process of engraving on copper was being overshadowed by the cheaper one of lithography, and it was not long before the authority on the use of the globes was offered employment by Hullmandel, which, as it seemed to have something more of a future in it than the ladies' school at Kensington, was at once accepted. He was forced to give up his scholastic labors and devote himself entirely to his new work; and though he still continued to sing at the opera, it was at the expense of keeping late hours; for often, we are told, he would work far into the night, after returning from the Haymarket, poring over the transfer paper while his good wife read to him "Waverley" and the novels of Miss Jane Porter.

It was while thus employed that his attention was first drawn to the individual peculiarities of handwriting, and that the idea first occurred to him of turning this rapidly increasing knowledge and insight to account. Much of the work of a lithographer lies in making facsimiles of letters and circulars for business men—for tradesmen, for instance, who are changing

their address, and desire, notwithstanding, a continuance of your esteemed patronage. The facsimile is made by simply tracing the original writing through a thin sheet of prepared paper, and then printing off from the stone on which the prepared paper has been previously placed. A facsimilist in full employment, as all the tribe were on the introduction of lithography, could easily do a dozen or more of these circulars in a day; and it could not fail that the eye, closely trained to follow every turn of the pen, and note every slight mannerism of letter formation, laid up a store of observation that would escape the ordinary reader. The joining of letters; the break of the pen when in the middle of the word it habitually leaves the paper and goes back to cross or to dot; the general slope of the whole hand; the formation of the capital letters; the invariable shape of a *g*, an *a*, or an *r*; the flourishes and the running of words together,—all these and many other characteristics, in which all handwriting abounds, and which are as much a part of the writer as his nose or his eyes, were necessarily keenly noted by a man whose business it was to make the closest possible copy of the original.

In the foundation of a new calling, the first steps, in all human undertakings difficult, become doubly so. The human mind is slow in the reception of new ideas, and though it may be brought to comprehend that *cuiuslibet in sua arte perito est credendum*, it must be with limitations, in an art which has been long recognized and of which there are other practitioners. A man, by long familiarity with the handwriting of another, might be worth hearing on the authenticity of a paper disputed to be from the same pen; but it was not clear how a person could set himself up as an authority upon the validity of documents which had probably not long been put into his hand.

"How long did *that* take you?" scornfully asked the prior of a Spanish sculptor who had just finished carving a head in one of the cathedral stalls. "My lifetime!" replied the sculptor. And so the public, like the prior, are wont to mistake the results of a rapid effort of judgment, which, notwithstanding the apparent dangerous facility with which it works, has taken five-and-thirty years of continuous labor to mature. At first, then, public recognition of the expert was slow. He had some small private practice, some few consulting recipients of scurrilous letters, some country clients anonymously

attacked, some farmers the victims of forged receipts, some domestic cases of old gentlemen with housekeepers and suspicious codicils; but until the well-known case of "Jemmy Wood of Gloucester," in the year 1836, he was not brought before the courts in the public manner that later made his name so familiar. Mr. James Wood, draper and banker of Gloucester, died worth a million of money, and as he was known to have the singular humor of secreting codicils where people as a rule only look for cobwebs, codicils accordingly turned up after his death with a regularity and of a contradictory force truly astonishing, at least to any one not sufficiently gifted to trace the source from which they in all probability emanated. On the authenticity of many of these codicils the expert was called to pronounce, and, if we may trust the judgment of the master of the rolls, delivered in 1840, the opinion given helped materially to elucidate many of the intricacies and mysteries of the case. A year or two afterwards, when a certain Mrs. Ryves, as executrix of Olivia, Princess of Cumberland, proceeded in the Court of Chancery against the Duke of Wellington, one of the executors of his late Majesty George IV., he had an opportunity of examining and deciding upon the validity of most of the papers produced in that extraordinary affair — among them, letters and the attesting signatures of most of the ministers in power at the time. It was an action brought to recover the sum of 15,000*l.* claimed under the will — or, rather, a will — of George III., dated from St. James's, June 2, 1774; whereby that gracious monarch was charged with having made provision for his niece to the above amount "as a recompense for the misfortunes she may have known through her father." The hapless Olivia, who had never received a farthing of the bequest, was the daughter of the king's brother, the Duke of Cumberland, the offspring of an undoubted marriage solemnized at Kew, the record of which, with another equally mysterious, was, we are told, subsequently subtracted from the register; and the misfortunes referred to seem to have continued even after death, in the person of her executrix, for the action, through a legal quibble held untenable, was dismissed on demurrer, and the interesting documents produced, or about to be, were by order of the court impounded. Once in a measure publicly recognized, once his name connected with that of a firm of well-known solicitors, the expert's business began to

increase, and the difficulty was to keep it in bounds without losing sight of the lithography. Nor was that an easy matter, for the great days of railway speculation had begun — the stupendous year of 1844 — when James of Buckley Square was realizing a fortune over the Great Diddlesex; when the lights in the engineer's offices in Great George Street burnt all night, and committees of the House sat continuously; and when the lithographer and expert, overwhelmed with facsimiles of circulars and reports, never took off his clothes for ten days.

It was then that his son, who now worthily fills his place and his practice, began to do some of the work that otherwise must have been neglected (after first serving an apprenticeship as lithographer and facsimilist) and for the first time appeared as an authority, in place of his father, on a question of forgery of Russian rouble notes, — a case to be distinguished from other commoner ones of its kind for almost the last employment of the well-known Daniel and John Forrester, the thief-takers and successors of the old Bow Street runners, and the *début* of the then Mr. Huddleston, now more familiar as the last of the Barons — of the Exchequer. The forgers were satisfactorily convicted, and somewhat curiously, for the evidence was almost entirely circumstantial, and beyond a stone found in their rooms, from which the drawing of the note was apparently entirely obliterated, there was no proof that the accused were anything more than utterers, and possibly innocent ones. But by a judicious coaxing with turpentine, the apparently obliterated drawing was persuaded to reappear, and there reappeared with it an imperfection in the workmanship which was also on the face of the false notes on which the charge was based. This question of reappearance, either by art or by the mere effect of time, is one of the most interesting connected with the business of the expert, and will be again referred to. Perhaps the most pathetic instance of its employment was when Sir Leopold McClintock returned in the "Fox" from the expedition after Franklin, bringing with him, among other relics, a discolored and illegible scrap of paper found among the remains of the ill-fated voyagers of the "Erebus" and the "Terror;" from which, after long and careful treatment with nutgall, there appeared the record of one, long despaired of by his friends, and who, in default of a better explanation for his disappearance, had been supposed to have sailed

and perished, as in fact he did, in the glorious company of the great explorer.

To enumerate all the cases in which father or son, and sometimes both, have played an important part would be to enumerate most of the *causes célèbres* of the last forty years. Among the most famous may be mentioned that of Roupel, the member for Lambeth, the son of the notorious smelter and founder of Roupel Park, at Brixton, whose name he forged indiscriminately for ten years to deeds of gift, conveyances, and wills, and who was duly sentenced to penal servitude for life after squandering more than three hundred thousand pounds; the Tichborne case in its earliest form, when in 1867 the Hon. Mr. Stourton, one of the infant heir's trustees, brought letters of the claimant and the real Sir Roger for comparison, and when the expert gave his decided opinion that they could not both have come from the same hand; the will of Jonathan Armstrong of Carlisle, where the writing was so identical that the forgery was only discovered by the fact of a stamp having been used of a later date than the will itself bore, recalling that ingenious scene in Miss Edgeworth's "Patronage," when the date of a sixpence that had been placed under the seal is equally useful in proclaiming fraud; the remarkable trial known as Ring's Codicil, where a clergyman was suspected of forgery, the result being a compromise; and, not to weary with a distasteful record of crime, the case of Miss Edmunds of Brighton. This last is incidentally strange as affording one of the many instances of the astutest criminals who overreach themselves by a lapse into carelessness. Miss Edmunds had bought strychnine of the chemist under the name of Wood, in which name she signed the register of the sale of poisons. At the time of the inquest on the child who died of eating the poisoned chocolate, she forged a letter from the coroner requesting the loan of the chemist's book for inspection at the inquiry. The chemist gave up the book to the boy who brought the letter, who carried it to Miss Edmunds, who tore out, as she believed, the entry. It appeared, however, on the trial that the abstracted entry referred to another Miss Wood, and that the true criminal's remained. The expert proved to the satisfaction of the court that the letter and the signature were in Miss Edmunds's handwriting.

But these cases that come before the public do not represent one-third of the expert's practice. We are informed by

one of the profession (and there are but two in London, who almost divide the work) that within the last four years he has been entrusted with more than six hundred cases from different parts of the country, in connection with certainly not two hundred of which has he had to appear publicly. The rest are compromised or hushed up, or in many instances never even go so far as that, for often the consulting parties only want their own suspicions confirmed for their own satisfaction, without any intention of taking further action. They are for the most part matrimonial disputes; scandalous communications from disappointed suitors, secretly thrust under the front door; abusive and threatening letters; erasures in and suspected signatures to wills; and — strange that a day of universal love and harmony should be so desecrated! — no Valentine's Day passes that does not bring with it half-a-dozen letters, poesies, or pictures, as to the authors of which the recipients show an angry and a lively curiosity. Occasionally the expert's opinion will be asked on a difficulty which arose before the profession attained its present eminence — on the validity of a signature to a will, for instance, signed forty years ago, and, though at the time suspected, never legally impugned. "Only the other day," said the authority in question to us, "I was taken to see one of these wills. The moment I set eyes on it I knew it as a rank forgery. Nothing could be done, nor ever can be done in cases where the parties are all dead and the property has long changed hands. The consequence is that, in my own experience, I have met again and again with instances of estates and incomes held under a title founded on the most indisputable forgeries, but which no one at the time had the courage or the money to take into court."

And now that we have for the moment turned to the subject of the expert's examination of papers written many years before, it will not be uninteresting to refer to the late Mr. Chabot's opinion on the vexed question of the authorship of Junius, founded on a minute comparison of many handwritings and embodied in an exhaustive publication, edited and prefaced by the Hon. Edward Twissleton — the whole, to our mind at any rate, conclusive of the difficulty. The subject had been previously somewhat similarly dealt with in "Junius Identified," written by Mr. Taylor in 1816; where, though not to the same extent on the ground of identity of handwriting, subsequently more fully

treated in a supplement to the same book published in the following year, the author had come to a similar decision. Under the various well-considered and well-sustained heads of verbal agreement in phrases, uncommon phrases, metaphorical phrases, particular doctrines, opinions, cautions, maxims, and rules of conduct, peculiar sentiments, words similarly italicized, similar quotations, manner and personification, Mr. Taylor makes out a very strong case against Sir Philip Francis, and in fact, so far as it be true that *le style c'est l'homme*, there can be little doubt, after reading the book and verifying the comparisons, that Sir Philip Francis and Junius are the same.

But Mr. Chabot set himself seriously to work to examine and compare the handwriting of all who have ever been suspected of the authorship, from the calmer point of view of the expert who has neither political nor family interest in the matter; after giving a month to the study of forty-two letters of Sir Philip's and making himself perfectly familiar with their principal features and subtle peculiarities, he turned first to the specimens of Junius preserved by his printer, Woodfall, and then to the manuscripts in the British Museum, and in Junius found so many of the characteristics of Sir Philip reproduced as to preclude any supposition of accidental coincidence. The signature of Junius—a C between two dashes—completes the chain with one as remarkable as any. You have only to look at one of these C's with its accompanying marks and compare it with the dash above and below the initials P. F., to see that the resemblance could not be more perfect. Whosoever might have been the brain that prompted the dictation, if it be true that it is merely the handwriting and not the authorship that is identical—and yet, from what we know of Francis, his was scarcely the temper to submit to any man's dictation—there can be no earthly doubt that the hand that wrote the letters to his brother-in-law, Mackrabie, in Philadelphia, is the same that wrote the manuscript, so often and so secretly sent to Woodfall. And *à propos* of these accompanying dashes there is a curious story told, not in itself perhaps of any first-rate value as evidence, but certainly supplying what lawyers would call an *adminiculum* of proof. The incident happened in 1817, after the publication of "Junius Identified," when a certain Mr. Blake staying in a country house with Sir Philip, the conversation turned on the poetry of Lord Byron, and,

in support of his opinion on its beauty, Mr. Blake quoted the well-known lines from "The Giaour," beginning "He who hath bent him o'er the dead." Sir Philip pish'd and pooh'd, and taking up a pen extracted a string of words from the quotation as more or less meaningless and inapposite, ending with a word of his own—*senseless*—to all which he subscribed his initials between the two dashes. Then said Mr. Blake, being well acquainted with the two same dashes of Junius from Mr. Taylor's book, "Pray will you allow me to ask you, Sir Philip; do you always sign your initials in that manner?" To which Sir Philip, scowling and growling, answered, "I know what you mean, sir!" and throwing down the pen strode away. This happened forty-eight years after May 3, 1769—the date of the Junius letter in which the signature between the two dashes first occurs.

It seems strange that a love-letter should supply yet another link in fixing the authorship of the most scathing invective and the bitterest sarcasm in the language. But there is published at the end of Mr. Chabot's book, as the work of another well-known expert, Mr. Netherclift, the facsimile of an epistle to a lady, in a disguised upright hand of Sir Philip's that is identical with the disguised upright hand of Junius. It was written at Bath in the winter of 1770 to a Miss Giles, the daughter of one of the officials of the Bank of England, afterwards governor when in the time of Mr. Pitt the bank stopped payment. In those days it was customary at the Assembly Rooms for a lady to retain her partner during the whole of the evening, and for several evenings Mr. Francis and Miss Giles danced together. The result of it was a very tolerable copy of verses, delivered to Miss Giles with an anonymous letter, wherein the writer declared that, having found the verses, which were unaddressed, he could not conceive for whom they were meant unless for her. At the time the young lady suspected the author but said nothing, and it was not till years afterwards when, though the wife of Mr. King of Taplow, she still kept the papers, that a scrap of Junius's writing was being handed round the company in which she happened to be. "Why!" exclaimed Mrs. King, when the paper came to her, "I know that writing. The person who wrote that wrote me some verses and a letter." And on comparison, though the verses were plainly by another hand, the letter was as plainly in the hand of Junius. The verses, Sir Philip's com-

position, were afterwards proved to have been dictated to his friend Tilghman, who spent the winter of 1770 with him at Bath: in one of whose letters from America part of a verse is jokingly quoted, in proof of Francis's capacity for poetry of the highest order.

That Sir Philip publicly and in the strongest terms denied the authorship is very well known, but by that denial one is only reminded of the reply said to have been made under similar circumstances by the author of "Ecce Homo," "Why, if I had written it, you know I should certainly say I hadn't."

The first expert had other difficulties to contend with than those merely of want of public recognition, and chief among them was the extreme narrowness of the rule that in the law courts limited the reception of his evidence. In the Ecclesiastical Courts, where a judge sat without a jury, the comparison of handwritings was always permitted, but until the Common Law Procedure Act of 1854 no such evidence (with two exceptions) was admissible at Nisi Prius; and for these reasons—first, because the writings offered for comparison might be spurious, and so cause inconvenience by raising the collateral issue of proving their genuineness; second, because the specimens might not be fairly selected, and only such as would best serve the purpose of the party producing them; third, because the jury might not be able to read. The two exceptions where the rule was relaxed were, first, in favor of documents already in evidence in the cause, admitted or proved to be in the handwriting of the supposed writer, which might be compared with the disputed handwriting; and second, in favor of ancient documents, the writer of which was dead, for *lex non cogit impossibilia*, and the author could not come and speak to them himself. But even to these exceptions there was the further limitation, though it was not always rigidly observed, that the witness who gave his opinion must have gained his knowledge in the ordinary course of his business, and not from having studied the handwriting in dispute for the purpose of speaking to the identity of the writer. In the case of the Fitzwalter peerage (in abeyance since 1756 and resuscitated in 1843) the evidence of the inspector of franks at the General Post Office was rejected because his knowledge of the disputed handwriting could not have been acquired in the ordinary course of his business, since he was called to give an opinion on the genuine-

ness of certain signatures on a family pedigree made in 1751. And the pedigree was ultimately proved by the family solicitor, who had for thirty years been acquiring knowledge of the writing in question by constant familiarity with title-deeds, account-books, and other business papers in his possession. In 1853 the report of the Common Law Procedure Commissioners recommended the abolition of these exclusions, and in civil cases the restrictions were abolished in the following year by the Common Law Procedure Act (17 & 18 Vict. c. 125), by Section 27 of which it is enacted that "comparison of a disputed writing with any writing proved to the satisfaction of the judge to be genuine shall be permitted to be made by witnesses; and such writings and the evidence of witnesses respecting the same may be submitted to the court and the jury as evidence of genuineness or otherwise of the writing in dispute." By Section 103 this applies to every court of civil jurisdiction; and the statute 28 Vict. c. 18, by Sections 1 and 8, extends the provisions to criminal cases.

The expert now, therefore, as far as the courts of law are concerned, has a clear field before him; and, though he complains occasionally of a want of fairness from the public and the press, who laugh at his failures and pay no heed to his successes, his position is at all events fully recognized, and he is even retained and employed by government. His favorite practice lies among the county courts; for there, in the absence of the Nisi Prius jury, to whom it is difficult to point out individually the various points and niceties of resemblance, he is brought into the closest connection with the judge, and, seated by his side, can easily make plain that which from the witness-box appears confused. His value was never more strikingly exemplified than in a recent case of forgery, one of the most ingenious and daring that has ever occupied the attention of a court of law, the perpetrators of which have been convicted of the crimes of forgery and conspiracy at the Old Bailey; a case which, though it may be still fresh in the public mind, will nevertheless bear the retelling, especially from the point of view of an expert, many of whose observations were not fully reported.

The document in question was a will, the signature to which was undoubtedly genuine; the whole of which, indeed, to all appearance was in regular form and duly witnessed. It dealt with some seventy thousand pounds, the greater part

left by the testator to the man in whose house he was lodging, five thousand pounds only being bequeathed to his only son alive, to whose knowledge and to whom, by a later will (never found and presumably destroyed), there was a bequest of almost the entire property. On the face of a document apparently so unimpeachable there was nothing for it but to submit, and the unfortunate son, under the form of a compromise, was glad to fall back upon the generosity of the principal legatee and accept something more than his five thousand pounds, with the understanding that he kept quiet; but on the thieves beginning to quarrel about their shares in the booty among themselves, one of the discontented began to talk, was encouraged to continue, and finally gave enough information to warrant an application in the Probate Court to set aside the compromise as based on a fraud. The whole *modus operandi* was then made clear, and proved to have been almost exactly as the expert had suspected; to whom at the beginning of the proceedings the will had been entrusted for examination, and who had made the following observations upon it. In the first place, the signatures were all genuine, and the document itself in the hand of one of the attesting witnesses — a fact fully admitted. The testator's signature was at the bottom, and the attesting clauses rather curiously cramped at the side, from their position giving rise to the idea in the expert's mind that they had been added subsequently with a view to accommodating the signature. The signature itself, too, had a date under it, a peculiarity of the testator's in writing a letter, but never found elsewhere. On further examination of the body of the will there appeared a certain variation of the spacing between the lines, as though the writer had begun in the belief that there was ample room; then he had narrowed the intervening spaces, had pressed more words into the line, and finally, finding there was still paper to be covered, had spread out again towards the end. In short, everything seemed to point to a will written over and round a signature, and not to a signature naturally written at the bottom of a will, to say nothing of the suspicious circumstance of the date. In the mean time there began to appear in different parts of the paper, steadily and surely, like growths that would not be denied, certain marks and formations, as though underneath all this fair show the suspected fraud were after all bent on making itself visible.

Early in the inquiry the will had been glazed and framed, and now, left to itself, the paper as it were began to speak and declare itself otherwise than what it seemed. They were not pencil marks, but the hollows and shades where pencil marks had been, and soon they took the form of words and fragments of words, and by the aid of a powerful magnifying glass could even be read, sufficiently clearly too for the expert to be able to say that they were in the handwriting of one of the attesting witnesses and principal legatee, the prime mover, as it afterwards appeared, in the fraud. It has long been known to those who have had experience of palimpsests that time will often recall a writing long believed to have been obliterated. Erase the writing carefully as you will, till all trace of pencil or pen be gone, yet with most kinds of paper all that will be erased will be the immediate marks of the plumbago or the ink; there will still remain the indentations on the paper, which at the time filled up, like cart-ruts, with the dust and surface of the material rubbed across them, will in time gradually clear themselves and reappear. Here, then, was clearly a palimpsest of one kind or another, an ink-writing over pencil; apparently, from what could be deciphered, a letter, for at the head of the document traces of *my dear* could be seen — a suspicious fact, to which the date under the signature also pointed in corroboration. And that is precisely what had occurred, for the testator, believing himself to be *in extremis*, desired the presence of his son, and at his request the principal legatee had written for him the letter, taking the precaution of writing it in pencil, while he was equally careful that the signature should be in ink. Then the pencil was rubbed out, as it seemed entirely, and over the precious signature the will was written, dividing the property among the attesting witnesses and legatees, and practically disinheriting the son.

No work conveying instruction on the comparison of handwritings has ever appeared in this country, nor do we in this brief paper presume to make even the attempt to supply the deficiency. We can only string together as connectedly as possible the few notes and observations we have been enabled to make in reference to a profession which, in these days of steel pens and voluminous correspondence, is, we venture to think, of some importance. In the old days of the quill, when the mere fact of a man being able to write at all was sufficient for him to

plead his *benefit of clergy* in answer to crime, and so escape the extreme penalty of the law, there were so few who possessed the accomplishment, that the expert, if he had existed, would have found but small employment. He has not even yet been established sufficiently long for contemporary references, except in the occasional form of leading articles, to be easily found, though to be sure he does in one instance, and one only as far as we know, play an important part in a work of fiction. That instance will be found in the romance of "Foul Play," by the late Mr. Charles Reade, where, under the thin disguise of Mr. Undercliffe, one of the best-known experts of the day aids materially in detecting the villain, who till then has triumphed. Those curious in the matter will find at the end of the third volume a vivid portrait of this gentleman at work at his lithography and facsimiles, whence he is summoned to examine the forged note and the specimens of handwriting which, together with the ingenious report (well worth studying by all who desire to understand the expert's method of examination and work), are fully set out, and were really the fabrications of the authority to whom we are indebted for much of our information. He was also, we may add, consulted by the novelist on the occasion of the correspondence he originated in one of the daily papers, dealing with our neglect of the left hand, and was the means of drawing his attention to the fact that after Nelson lost his arm he wrote better with the left hand than he had ever done with the right.

In conclusion, let us repeat it is clear that without the previous apprenticeship of lithography and facsimile-making there can be no good expert, for by them the eye is trained to the thousand peculiarities of penmanship, the different values of the hair-line and the body-stroke, and, from a multitude of instances, to the innumerable formations of that ordinary abbreviation for *and* known by the strange and inexplicable name of the *ampersand*, to which it will be remembered the schoolmaster, Bartle Massey, refers, in "Adam Bede," as in shape very like one of his scholar's eccentric pictures of the letter Z, "of which poor Jacob had written a pageful, all with their tops turned the wrong way." The method of the expert when documents are first put into his hand we have not thought proper fully to disclose, as one of the secrets of the profession the practitioners have a complete

right to keep; but we may say that he desires all papers to be submitted to him entirely without instructions or a mention of suspicions, that he looks above all for similarities and not for dissimilarities, and that there are certain letters, certain unusual letters, he proceeds at once to examine as more likely to be peculiar to and distinctive of the writer than any others. Nor, notwithstanding Maria's boast in "Twelfth Night" in reference to Olivia, "on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands," does he believe it possible for any individual so to disguise his or her hand as to escape detection.

Experts have often been somewhat cavalierly treated, both by judge and jury, but (as far as judges at any rate have been concerned) that was never a treatment characteristic of the late Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, who perhaps had more occasions of dealing with their evidence in important cases than any other authority on the bench. No one can read his analysis of the different handwritings in the Tichborne case, on the nineteenth day of the summing up, without feeling he fully recognized the value of the test; for there is nothing, he very truly says, in which men differ more than in handwriting, and nothing which a man is less likely completely even to lose or even greatly to alter, unless in sickness or old age; so far that is, of course, as its leading features are concerned. Put a man down to write whose identity is in question, and it will go some way to settle any doubts there may be. And in an earlier case—*Cresswell v. Jackson*, reported in the fourth volume of *Foster and Finlason*—the view of Cockburn, chief justice, as he then was, on the value of expert evidence is so fairly put that it may well be adopted by all whose minds are not yet fully made up on the subject. "The evidence of professional witnesses is to be viewed with some degree of distrust, for it is generally with some bias. But within proper limits it is a very valuable assistance in inquiries of this kind. The advantage is that habits of handwriting—as shown in minute points which escape common observation, but are quite observable when pointed out—are detected and disclosed by science, skill, and experience. And it is so in the comparison of handwriting by the assistance of experts. Take this into consideration with all the other circumstances in the case."

From Blackwood's Magazine.

PLAIN FRANCES MOWBRAY.

CHAPTER I.

A DAY of steady downpour at Venice is not one of the most cheerful things I know. It is worst, of course, in November and December, because of the bleakness then of everything; because of the bare trees in the sparsely scattered gardens, of the nakedness of the vine twigs, which in summer time make so delightful an awning at the *traghetto* and over the more fortunate of the balconies. Even in April and May, however, it is quite bad enough. From end to end of the Grand Canal a uniform soot color, whitish in the houses, pure soot in the water, inclining to blackness in the archways and under the shadows of the bridges; blue, red, green, and orange only where the flaming advertisements diversify the otherwise unalleviated gloom; funereal convoys of gondolas slipping by with a woeful air, propelled by gloomy figures in long black or white cloaks, despondent, like men weighed down with the consciousness of a destiny which it is heart-breaking to contemplate and hopeless to evade. Lady Frances Mowbray walked up and down the floor of her principal sitting-room at the *Traghetto San Eustachio*, now and then stopping to look out of one of the windows. There were no fewer than six windows in the room, not to mention some smaller ones in the lunettes under the ceiling, which were perfectly useless, of course, for the purpose of observation. The light from these six windows fell upon walls enlivened with much gilding and white plaster work, happily toned down by time and indifferent usage to a mild and mellow radiance; upon large canvasses, not any of them, indeed, of any very transcendent or inestimable value, still irradiated with that glow which lights up even the least distinguished members of an illustrious period; upon bronzes and carved woodwork; upon marble columns; upon a great deal of deliberately scrolled and intertwined ironwork around the windows. It was such a room, in short, as one commonly associates with royal or semi-royal residences in other towns, but in Venice it merely formed part of a suite of furnished lodgings—very good furnished lodgings, but nothing at all so extraordinary or out of the way. Lady Frances and her brother had occupied it off and on now for the last six or seven years, paying a rent of a few, very few, thousand francs a year, and putting in

additional touches here and there from time to time as their taste or fancy suggested, but not materially altering or even modifying its aspect. They did not, of course, spend the whole year there, going away as a rule in early summer, and not returning until the fogs of November and December had given place to something like a semblance of spring. Even January, February, and March are cold enough, however, in Venice, and there were plenty of places where they would have been warmer and snugger than in that great gilded saloon of theirs, where such heat as was given out by the green earthenware stove seemed to make a duty of travelling straight upwards to the domed ceiling amongst the gods and goddesses sitting enthroned upon plump plaster clouds, from which exalted sphere it descended, too effectually chilled to administer much comfort to the inferior beings sitting benumbed and shivering below.

Lady Frances was very fond of her Venetian apartment, however,—fonder than of any other abode which it would have been possible for her now to inhabit. She had become used too, and in her youth, to larger fluctuations of climate than any which even Venice can show, and was not therefore particularly sensitive on that score. The colonel her brother was of opinion indeed that there were many places in the world that would have been livelier to live in than the shores of the Adriatic. But then he was very fond of his sister; it was she who contributed the lion's share of their mutual housekeeping; she who took the whole trouble and responsibility of things in general off his hands; and he was therefore well content to follow her guidance,—so long, that is, as she did not insist upon dragging him quite away from the dear face of humanity—a piece of self-immolation of which he secretly believed her to be perfectly capable, and which he always held himself in readiness to combat should the occasion arise.

Colonel Hal Mowbray was an ex-Guardsman, a man of London and of the clubs, social to the very tips of his fingers, a *ci-devant* dandy, and a bit of a *bon viveur* too, though the latter happily nowadays of the most exemplarily domesticated type. He was an old bachelor, just as his sister was an old maid; and although no two people in the whole wide world could be found less alike, no two people upon the whole could have fitted better into each other's moods, or com-

bined to lead a more united, if in some respects also a divided, life. In their disunion, indeed, as in their affection, there was something quasi-matrimonial about them which was not a little diverting to their numerous friends, and which seemed to be borne out by their very names — Colonel and Lady Frances Mowbray: could anything be more absolutely suggestive of man and wife? Indeed in Venice — rather famous for malicious stories, and not always equally innocent ones — a tale is told of a lady who, having been introduced to the pair, was heard, upon their departure, calmly and audibly inquiring of her hostess what family they had, and whether the daughters were as excruciatingly ugly as their mother; a piece of indiscreet inquisitiveness which was brought to a summary conclusion by the subdued but irresistible titterings of the assembled company.

Poor Lady Frances, if she had ever heard the anecdote — which, perhaps, who knows, she may have done — might fairly have retorted that she had been more of a mother than many mothers — only that neither self-laudation nor repartee were at all in her line. Standing there in the grey light of that wet Venetian afternoon, there was no doubt that she was a very ugly woman indeed — tall, grim, gaunt, stiff-backed; her hair, which was a dark iron-grey, put tightly back from her face, showing a breadth but likewise a height of forehead which even the very loveliest of her sex would hardly in these days have the hardihood to expose. A very ugly woman undeniably, and an ill-dressed one to boot, without any graces or manners to speak of; and yet no one, I think, could have looked at her without feeling that there was more about her than met the eye. A good deal of past history was written in her face, — not merely the narrow, feminine, individual history, but something larger, something of past achievement; of important decision arrived at, important councils shared. Women's faces are less malleable, as a rule, than men's, which makes their portraits (setting aside the question of beauty) much the less interesting of the two. Lady Frances's face, however, was significant enough. It must have been a very stupid person indeed who failed to perceive at a glance that she had at some time or other filled a larger sphere than falls to the lot of most plain single women of fifty-four. So, in fact, it had been. Her father, John, fifth Earl of Loftsborough, had been a

governor-generalship meant more, at any rate upon the spot, than at present. Before that, again, he had been governor-general of Canada, and in both capacities his daughter Frances had been his main strength and support. Ever since she was seventeen, at which age she had had the misfortune to lose her mother, whatever there had been to be done in the Mowbray family had, sooner or later, in fact, come to be done by Lady Frances. It had been a large family in those early days, though there were not many of them left now. They had never been rich, although they had always filled a considerable place in the world's estimation; indeed, had they been rich Lord Loftsborough would in all probability never have accepted the posts that were successively offered him, for he was an indolent man, with a distinct disinclination to take the initiative in anything. It was Frances who worked him up to the point of doing so, not merely for the sake of the pay, though that was acceptable enough, but still more for the sake of the work and the position which, upon the whole, suited him admirably, despite many groans and much unconquerable self-pity. His two younger daughters were both married before this part of his career began, so that although they and their husbands paid occasional visits both to India and to Canada, and tasted the sweets of viceregal life, and lent grace to its pasteboard pageants, it was upon his elder daughter Frances that the whole stress, the whole seriousness, and, internally, the whole responsibility, of both posts lay.

It cannot be said, poor soul, that she had ever lent much grace to any pageants; and of this she had been always acutely conscious to the last quivering fibre of her ugly, ungainly person. She did not, because she could not, help to make of her father's court a very brilliant affair socially; but she did more, for it is doubtful whether without her at his elbow he would have been enabled to hold his own in it even a single day. In all things she was his secret adviser, his counsellor, his brains-carrier; there was not single detail of his administration but what she knew the ins and the outs of immeasurably better than he did himself. It was not so much ability with which she was required to supply him — he had plenty of his own when he cared to exert it, — it was mainly the power of coming to a decision, and of keeping, moreover, to that decision when it was made. Constitutionally and physically, Lord Loftsborough

was a man incapable of making up his mind, and to have to do so was to him at all times pain and grief unspeakable — an idiosyncrasy which he shared with all his house, and had bequeathed, with one exception, to all his children.

Just as she was the one ugly member of a singularly handsome race, so Lady Frances Mowbray was the one known member of that distinguished and historic house who had ever yet been born with that distinctly desirable and advantageous qualification — a backbone. This lack of vertebral consistency among the others was, however, not by any means conspicuously evident. On the contrary, in few families was there more of dash and courage than amongst its men, more of social success and brilliancy than amongst its women; it was only upon the great occasions — the three or four crucial and all-decisive moments of life — that this congenital limpness had come out. Then it was that Frances rose to the front. Ever since she was seventeen, she had always been the pilot-boat in the storm; the one rock in the midst of much sand; the being to whom instinctively the whole family, with one accord, turned in an emergency. Her very disadvantages helped her here. Few very capable women possess the additional capability of being able to efface themselves at the right time, but here Frances shone. The most tactless of women under ordinary circumstances, her tact in this respect was infallible, and that for the simple reason that it was not really tact at all. Her instincts, no less than her wishes, had always been to efface herself; to do the work, whatever it might be, and to let who would wear the crowns and the credit. This may sound like the acme and incarnation of magnanimity, but in reality there was nothing particularly magnanimous about it. She *was* a magnanimous woman, but her magnanimity was not shown here. To efface herself whenever such effacement was possible, was her one refuge, her one joy, her one solace. Poor soul, she was so ugly!

Now a man, let him be never so ugly, never so ungainly, has always the comfortable consciousness that his ugliness is hardly, after all, the most salient fact about him; other qualities and qualifications outweigh it, and tend to throw it in the shade. As he grows older, the impression wears off. The fact remains regrettable, no doubt, but still not a fact of any very great consequence after all. With a woman it is otherwise. Her ugly-

ness, if she is ugly, becomes, from the moment she is aware of it, the salient fact of her existence, the nucleus of discomfort around which every other discomfort turns. She sees it in every face she meets as she walks about the streets; she reads it upon a hundred irreproachably polite lips; let her heroism, let her philosophy be what it may, no amount of heroism or of philosophy will avail entirely to root it out of her consciousness. In many respects Frances Mowbray — plain Frances Mowbray, as every one except her own nearest relations called her — had been infinitely better off than most equally ugly women. As long as he had lived, her father had seen to that. If she had eked out his flaccidity from her own reservoirs of strength, he, upon the other hand, had thrown the shelter of his own splendid presence, the prestige of his own social charm, around the ugly, unattractive woman who called him father. As far as man can shelter woman — which is not perhaps saying a very great deal after all — Lady Frances Mowbray had been sheltered, not merely from anything like neglect, but from those sharper because more insidious assaults which generally, it is to be feared, come to her from her own sex. Publicly or privately, no faintest intimation of that discomfort which even the kindest of fathers or brothers will at times show, had ever looked at her out of his handsome eyes. Had she been the loveliest of women, the fairest, the most engaging, he could not have shown a warmer pride in her, or a keener desire to set her up in her pride of place, and to produce her to the world upon every occasion, suitable or unsuitable. Even this, poor soul, was part of her life's penance. She loved her father for it, but it added unspeakably to the difficulties of her life. The eternal, never-ending necessity of dressing up; making the best, so far as her indifferent lights enabled her, of the worst possible materials; continually presenting herself to fresh strangers; submitting to the scrutiny of new eyes; exercising the inevitable social genuflections and politenesses, — all this was a slow torture and a small martyrdom to the proud, capable, diffident woman, conscious of so much more than average abilities; of the kindest intentions; of a thousand lofty and heroic impulses; but, above and beyond everything else, conscious of that cardinal fact of her own irredeemable ugliness, which, whether others forgot it or not, was never out of her own recollection for a single instant, and which had be-

come to her a sort of second skin, hardly less clinging, and certainly no less difficult to escape from, than the first.

All this that I have been recounting was old history now, poor Lady Frances's worst social troubles being over and done with a good many years back. Soon after leaving India — almost, in fact, before the reins of government dropped from his hands — Lord Loftsbrough's health had broken down rather suddenly, and the last six or seven years of his life had been spent quietly and uneventfully at his own estate in Suffolk, with occasional excursions to London or elsewhere, as the humor prompted him. When he died; — an event which had occurred about eight years before this little tale opens, — almost everything that it was in his power to leave, exclusive of such possessions as ought, rightfully if not legally, to go to the head of the house, was left to Lady Frances, a disposition which, to their honor be it said, not a single member of the family had been found to cavil at. The sisters had both married rich men, while of the five brothers only two were now left, and of these one was the present earl, to whom all the more solid possessions of the family naturally accrued; and the other was Colonel Hal, who had already a small fortune of his own, left to him by an uncle, who had always been his father's aide-de-camp, and practically, therefore, his sister's also, who was her especial double and second self, so that it was well understood that whatever was hers was, as a matter of course, his also. There was no house to leave excepting one at Brighton, where Lord Loftsbrough had spent a few months, and which he had taken into his head to buy, more as a speculation than as anything else. Lady Frances detested Brighton, and had, therefore, made haste to let the house, which for her held no associations or interests of any sort. Since that time she and the colonel had lived about the world together, generally and by preference in Italy, the instant and never-failing popularity of the brother balancing, and to some extent outweighing, the no less decided unpopularity of the sister. Not but what Lady Frances had her stout friends too, who would have gone to the stake in support of her excellences; but these trusty souls were scattered, and for the most part silent, and the general vote of society was distinctly adverse. She did not covet its suffrages much. She had done her duty in that respect in early days, and might fairly therefore, she held, claim exemption

now. Colonel Mowbray — who shared with his father the amiable quality of ignoring his sister's social disabilities — was never tired of remonstrating with her upon this point; and at Venice hardly an evening passed without an amicable dispute between them on the matter, as a sort of prelude and preparatory to the colonel's own departure. She was a perfect *orsa* he would declare, striding indignantly up and down under the lamplight. Why would she not accompany him this evening — just this one evening — to the Comtesse de B., or the Principessa S., as the case might be? She needn't stay long — only look in for an hour or two — and the poor Principessa was so fond of her! She was always talking to him about her, and would be particularly hurt at her not coming. Really it wasn't kind!

Whereat Lady Frances would smile and shake her head, looking at her brother the while a trifle sceptically out of those deep-set, brown eyes of hers, which were the only approach to an attraction in her poor plain face. Yes, it was quite true, she was an *orsa* she admitted placidly; and being so, was it not better to let her remain behind, and growl quietly alone in her own den, instead of spoiling Comtesse B.'s or Principessa S.'s rooms by growling about them? When people, women especially, had attained a certain age, — she did not say when they were grotesquely ugly, for that she was aware by long experience awakened a storm of indignant protest, — it was better for them to remain quietly at home in their own shells, instead of taking up the room of those who were younger and brighter and livelier than they.

To these arguments, however frequently put forward, the colonel would invariably proffer indignant opposition, but in the end — finding that opposition produced no perceptible effect — he would call for his gondola and disappear down some one or other of the many watery ways, while she would remain by the fire or the open window, as the case might be, or reading her book by the lamplight which left so many dark corners in the large, over large, room. She never wished that he would return to her sooner than he did. If she felt sleepy, she went to bed; if not, she sat up until he returned, and waited for his report of the evening. She took the liveliest interest in the sayings and doings of her neighbors, as is not unfrequently the case with people who shrink from confronting them much in their own persons. To sit at home and to receive her brother

er's report upon his return, was to her perception quite wild and hilarious festivity.

The colonel, too, was a good *raconteur*, — not picturesque, but fairly vivid; a quality due partly to his indomitable freshness of enjoyment, which was a gift direct from the gods, partly to a long habit of retaining and retailing such items in his character of social purveyor. He knew everybody, and something about everybody, and if not endowed with any very remarkable degree of perspicuity, could still put two and two together in a sufficiently satisfactory fashion. Lady Frances would sit, and nod her head, and blink her eyes, and make her own deductions, not always quite in the same direction. She, too, could put two and two together, though with results different often from her brother's. In this way she gathered or guessed more about the people that surrounded her than half those who spent every night of their lives in their company. She exercised herself in these small matters, having, in truth, no larger ones now upon which she could exercise herself, and possessing a fund of human interests which craved employment. No doubt she often perceived a good deal more than there was to perceive — endowing her neighbors with an array of qualities and intentions, which would considerably have astonished their worthy minds, had they been capable of seeing into hers; but at least it did nobody any very great harm. It was a fashion of composing fiction, more satisfactory, perhaps, upon the whole, than that of reducing it to pen and ink, for the substructure, at any rate, was bound to be solid, and if the edifice raised was loftier and of larger proportions than the facts warranted, why, then, so much the worse obviously for the latter, and the better for the imagination of the builder.

One thing these sociological studies, carried on through the twofold medium of her brother and her Venetian neighbors, certainly did not do, and that was to embitter or make her cynical. She was not a single atom cynical, poor soul, or even cross, however libellously her face might sometimes report upon her in this respect. The enthusiasms of youth were combined to a great degree indeed in her with the tolerance of age, and a capacity for self-detachment, rarer perhaps than either. But, then, as no human being (excepting, to a limited extent, her own family) ever gave her credit for anything of the sort, it is obvious that, for all practical purposes, it might nearly as well have been non-existent.

She was waiting for her brother now, he having gone out three or four hours before to breakfast with a friend, and having not yet returned. She rather wished, on this occasion, that he would come back, as he was somewhat given to catching colds, through one of which she had already had to nurse him only that very spring. A gondola, it is true, is a good safe coach, and of course the gondola had its *felze*, or covering on. Still the rain, which had hardly begun when her brother had left, had now come on heavily, and threatened continuance, and had brought with it a chill wind, which was apt to find its way even through the best-fitted apertures. The colonel, too, had a jaunty, young-mannish way of ignoring the very possibility of his catching cold, which added not a little to his sister's anxieties on his behalf. Yes, she really wished, she thought, that he would come.

Finding that he did not do so, she went back after a while to her own particular seat in an angle between the fireplace and the window, and took up a book; but the book dropped presently on to her lap, and she took to thinking, dreaming rather, open-eyed, over scenes, bygone scenes, many of which seemed to her now very little more real than if they had literally happened in dreams. She got tired at last of this exercise also, as well as of sitting alone in that great white and gold *sala* of hers, surrounded by, and as it were embedded in, that peculiar Venetian silence which is unlike any other silence in the world, and which at present was broken only by a vague sound of dropping water, which might quite conceivably have come from the inside of one of the great Tintorettoish pictures upon the walls, so vague and so all-pervading was it. She got up accordingly again, and went into an anteroom, where there were two windows, one of which looked into a square space or court in the middle of the houses. Here there was nothing at all vague or indistinct in the sound of the water. The sides of the court were pierced all round by irregularly shaped windows, protected by iron gratings; and below, the court itself opened on the Mowbrays' side into a vaulted room, columned and glazed — a sort of glorified boat-house — where the gondoliers sat and discussed high matters connected with their craft, and opposite to which was a broad outside staircase leading to the main door of the apartment. A circular hole was visible in the centre of the flagging, and towards this a perfect cataract of rain-water was

at that moment descending. Every pipe in every wall all round the court was discharging its contents with a will: one would have said there was a regular organized assault, directed from all sides upon a given point. Faces, attracted by the uproar, peered inquisitively out of the windows of the other houses in every variety of head-gear, and through every variety of scrolled and twisted grating. Lady Frances drew back into the ante-room when she perceived these other faces. It was not from any dislike of her neighbors, but from an old sensitiveness of hers to observation, which seemed to increase rather than to diminish as she grew older. The other and opposite window of the ante-room looked out upon a small flagged *campo*, at the end of which there was a *traghetto* or ferry, where, for the sum of three farthings, you might be ferried over to the opposite side. All day long in fine weather this was thronged with gondoliers and passengers, streaming backwards and forwards to the one side or the other. At present a single sickly and gloomy looking man, in black cloth clothes, and without an umbrella, was seated there all alone, huddled upon the bench, and resignedly accepting the pelting rain upon his shoulders; while a solitary gondola, propelled by an old man with a sack slung cloak fashion around him, was slowly making his way across to him from the opposite side of the canal — a sort of modern version of Charon and the river Styx, drawn out in lamp-black and Indian ink.

Lady Frances had not been standing very long at this window before she heard a sound of voices coming up from the vaulted regions underneath, and craned her neck over to see who the new-comers were. It was, as she saw to her satisfaction, Colonel Hal, and with him were two young men, friends of his, who stopped, however, at the foot of the stairs, and were not to be persuaded to mount, in spite of reiterated proffers of hospitality upon his part.

"She won't — upon the contrary, she'll be delighted, I assure you," she heard her brother say. "Come in, and I'll make you a glass of sherry-cobbler. Nothing like sherry-cobbler upon a wet day."

"Not to-day, thank you, colonel. We're bound to be back at the Loricellas' immediately. Halliburton, too, mustn't run any more risks with that sacred throat of his. Besides, I'm sure Lady Frances wouldn't thank us for bringing in all this water upon her carpets."

"Oh, Frances won't mind; she never minds anything of that sort," her brother asseverated confidently. But the young men apparently were not to be persuaded, for she heard their steps retreating down the stone steps.

"Any message for the widow, colonel?" the one who had before spoken called back laughingly, as they were passing back under the low archway. "We shall be seeing her, you know, in ten minutes' time at the Loricellas'."

Colonel Hal laughed a little consciously. "You'd much better come back and have that sherry-cobbler," was all the reply he made.

Lady Frances at her window on the top of the stairs listened to this dialogue and waited, ready to step back into the drawing-room should her brother prove to be accompanied by his friends. Sometimes, at the very bottom of her soul, she could not help wishing that he was not *quite* so fond of very young men's society. She could not help thinking that they were apt to laugh a little at his ultra youthfulness, which was so much greater than their own, and that a staid, a less sociable demeanor, would have been more consonant with his standing, and the dignity of his forty-nine years.

"After all, though, he did look younger than any of them," she thought reluctantly, as the colonel's broad, handsome face and magnificent auburn beard appeared at the doorway. "And *how* much better looking!"

"Dear, you're dreadfully wet, aren't you?" she said, hurrying forward, and running her hands anxiously up and down his coat-sleeve. "Do, please, go and change. I know that you will get that cold of yours back again."

"Oh no, nothing, nothing at all to signify, I assure you, — it was only coming up the stairs. I had the *felts* all the time, you know. It was a downpour, though, wasn't it? And by the way, Frances, I told Baldassare and the other man — the new one with a squint — that they should have a glass of cognac each to warm them. Poor devils, they're streaming, and they hadn't their mackintoshes either."

"Of course, dear. Tell Watkins what you want, and he'll send it down to the gondoliers' room. But do go first and change your own things, there's a dear boy," she added entreatingly. "I've got a bit of fire in the red drawing-room for you when you come back," she added. "It was so raw, that I thought you'd be glad of it."

"That's right — I'm glad you have; and I'll put on my smoking-suit. No one will be likely to call on us such an afternoon as this, so there's no fear of being caught!" he added with his genial laugh, as he disappeared through the doorway.

Lady Frances smiled a little to herself after he had gone. She did not believe in her heart of hearts that the colonel would have been so very much discomposed if any one had even come in after all, and caught him in that brown plush suit of his with crimson *revers*, which suited his breadth and stalwart fairness to the full as well as ever similar combinations suited those swarthier Venetians who crowd the background of so many a sacred picture. After all, there was no question but what they enjoyed their bravery, she thought, so why not he? She was full of these self-debatings — half-critical, half-admiring — which never came to anything, for they were all sufficiently answered beforehand.

When her brother returned, she had put an extra log upon the fire, which had sprung up into a brisk blaze, awakening picturesque gleams upon every object capable of such response. The colonel himself might fairly have been added to the category, as he came hastily in, rubbing his hands, and flung himself into a great leather-covered armchair, displacing as he did so a piece of heavy red and gold brocade which was hanging over the top. "This is snug, Fan; there's nothing like home, is there, after all!" he said, stretching out a pair of embroidered slippers to the blaze. His sister picked up the brocade and hung it upon the back of a sofa, then sat down in her own particular chair on the other side of the stove, looking at him with that mixture of affection and admiration in her eyes which was specially reserved for the men of her own family. This one before her was certainly the best embodiment left now, for her eldest brother was already grey and a trifle gouty, while his sons took after their mother, who was thin-lipped, dark-browed, and short, not one of them showing a trace even of that generous breadth and brilliant coloring which were the distinguishing traits of the Mowbrays.

"And your music, how did it go off?" she asked, after he had lighted his cigarette and begun to puff at it. "I hope the damp didn't get into any of their throats?"

"Capitally. Not a bit. Young Halliburton, especially, was splendid. Such chest notes! Too bad, isn't it, that his people won't hear of his going upon the

stage? He came back with me just now; so did young Maitland Majoribanks. I asked them both in, but they were rather in a hurry. They were going on to the Loricellas'."

"Yes; I heard them," his sister answered. "Oh, and by the way, who was the widow?" she added suddenly, the recollection of the last fragment of the dialogue coming all at once back upon her mind.

"The widow?" Colonel Mowbray laughed, a laugh of some embarrassment, brushing up his beard with his hand as he did so, as if inconvenienced by its luxuriance. "What widow do you mean, Frances?" he asked carelessly.

"I don't know; I heard them ask you if you had any message to send to the widow. That was all," she replied unsuspiciously.

"Ah yes, I remember now. Mrs. Markham they meant. They were expecting to meet her at the Loricellas', you know."

"Markham? Is she anything to those Markhams we knew in India — Dorsetshire people, I think? One of them was quartered at Bangalore. His wife, you may remember, was sent up to Simla, and had the measles, and I took in the children, — nice little trots of four and five, with a horribly disagreeable ayah. I wonder what has become of them! They must be nearly grown up by this."

"Oh no, nothing at all to say to those people," her brother answered hastily. "She is not English at all, though she speaks it splendidly. She's a Russian."

"A Russian! But the name is English, surely?"

"Yes, the husband, I suppose, was an Englishman, or an American, or something or another. No one seems to know anything about him. He is dead, anyhow. She was a Princess Matrena Sladimirovitch — in her own right, you know. She might call herself so, I believe, if she chose, only she doesn't care to do so."

"Well, the other is shorter, isn't it?" Lady Frances said, with a smile. "She doesn't live here, does she? I don't seem to have ever heard the name."

"Oh dear no; she is only just come. She has never been here before. She's been spending the winter at Florence. I met her there when I was with the Menzikoffs. She is a cousin, I think, of theirs. She goes to London, and is very well off, — tremendously rich, in fact, — and knows lots of people. She is staying at the Britannia.

The colonel rather rattled over these facts as if anxious to get to some more interesting subject, which was to be attained upon the other side. When he had got through them, however, the other and more interesting subject seemed to fade into abeyance, for a silence ensued which was only broken by the muffled splashing of the rain, the crackling and the sputtering of pieces of wood in the stove, and an occasional hoarse-throated cry of *Poppe! poppe!* from the traghetto underneath the windows.

He returned to it, however, later in the afternoon. They had gone out together upon the balcony, the rain being for the moment over, and Venice having put on that air of glossy and gleamy invitation which she is apt to assume at such moments, which becomes her better perhaps than any other. Away to the lagunes, and out beyond San Giorgio, the waterways were all of a dim greeny bronze; the sky, too, was dimly green with broad flushes of white, and, near the horizon, salmon. The very house-fronts had a newly washed glow and gloss upon them; the bleached and sun-wasted shutters, once also green, having taken a pale glaucous hue, like the back of some half-withered beech-leaf. Backwards and forwards between the two glows the black boats scudded and shot deftly past, suggesting insects newly risen upon the surface of some pond. The sense of life and recovered movement was strong, though for the most part it was a silent bustle, save indeed down at the traghetto, where the men were busily bailing out their boats and retailing their adventures during the storm. How it rained! how it blew! how flashes of lightning had burst from behind San Stefano! Pietro had lost his hat, and Antonetto his oar! Two of Lady Frances's gondoliers were leaning against a wall, looking on at the labors of their fellows with that supercilious satisfaction in remunerative idleness in which no London lackey ever excelled them. "Lazy dogs!" the colonel said, with his genial laugh. Then — "Apropos of what we were talking of, Frances, I wish you'd call upon Mrs. Markham," he added abruptly.

She looked up at him, wondering rather at the connection of ideas, but not saying so. "Do you, dear? Then, of course I will," she said. "I so seldom call on any one, though, do I? Any new person, I mean."

"No, I know, and it's a great mistake
LIVING AGE. VOL. XLIX. 2539

on your part; I'm always telling you so. You might as well live in a box, every bit. There's nothing, believe me, like seeing lots of new people, to keep one's self from getting rusty."

Lady Frances smiled. "I always was rusty," she said. "But why do you particularly want me to call upon this Mrs. Markham?" she added.

"I don't know exactly. Somehow, I think you'd suit; I'd like, too, to see what you thought of her. She's a wonderful woman — quite extraordinary. Rather silent, you know, but tremendously clever, I believe, at bottom. As to her beauty, it's amazing — I never saw anything like it in my life; and she can paint, too, and sing, and speak four or five languages if she chooses. I know you'd suit."

Lady Frances laughed a little, and shook her head. "I doubt it myself, it all sounds much too brilliant," she said.

"Oh yes, she's brilliant, of course," her brother replied, rather in the tone of one who concedes a damaging admission. "I don't see how she's to help it, though. She was born so. Some women are."

"Does she want to help it, do you suppose?"

"I don't know whether she does or not, but it makes the other women down upon her, don't you know. They say she's proud and odd — I don't know what all — though, for the life of me, what there is odd in being rich and beautiful, or in speaking four or five languages, I can't see. Do you?"

"Well, no, I certainly cannot. But then, you know, they say I'm odd too, if that's any satisfaction; though I'm not beautiful, and I *don't* speak four or five languages."

"Yes, but that is quite different, of course. Everybody knows all about you, and you've been here a long time, and everything, whereas Mrs. Markham has only just come; so that it would be a sort of civility — give her the freedom of the place, don't you see?"

"Oh," Lady Frances replied, uttering that comprehensive monosyllable slowly, and with more gravity in her tone than she had used before. Then, when the silence between them had lasted about a minute — "Of course, if you *really* wish me to call upon her, Hal, I will," she added; "only don't forget to remind me."

"Never you fear, I'll remind you fast enough," the colonel responded positively.

From The National Review.
GAINSBOROUGH.

A CLASSIFICATION of the great modern schools of art is no new thing. From the times of Jonathan Richardson to ours writers have generalized upon the aims of every European country in which painting has been practised with success. When such writers have been artists, or familiar with the methods of art, they have based their divisions on technical matters, on color and design; when, as is too often the case in this country, their knowledge has been gained mainly from books, and their sympathies are mainly with those factors of a work of art which can be rendered in words, they have then looked chiefly or exclusively at choice of subject. But there is another, and, I think, a more useful way of classifying works of art, and that is by the final intellectual impression they make. Differences of technical aim may be the result of accident. The color of Venice had most likely a great deal more to do with the idiosyncrasy of the two or three men who founded her school than with any permanent variation between the Venetian type and those of Padua or Florence, while the extreme variation in choice of subject between the schools of Italy, the schools of Germany, the school of Holland, and the school of England, is due to changes of religion and manners, and to the passage of time, not by any means to essential distinctions between the people themselves. But when we come to the intellectual note struck by a work of art, to the expression it contains of its author's individuality, it is a different matter. All the pictures of a single school have a soul in common. Some have a larger, some a smaller, share; but it is so impossible for this particular witness to be altogether absent, that nothing is easier than to decide upon the nationality of a work of art, even when it is difficult to point to a particular master. All Italian pictures have a proper intellectual note, so have all German pictures, all Spanish pictures, all Netherlandish pictures; and this is quite independent of peculiarities of color, design, or choice of subject taken by themselves. It is to be traced in the Michael Angelisms of Cornelis van Haarlem, and in the portraits of Rembrandt; in the landscapes of Velasquez, and in the monks and saints of Zurbaran; in the gorgeous dreams of Tintoret and Veronese, and in the deep and narrow art of Angelico. When we try to give an equivalent in words for these national idiosyncrasies we find they vary

enormously in their fitness for being so expressed. It is easy enough to say that "dignity" is the note of Spanish art, "system" of French, "scientific record" of German, but when we come to Italy we can find no phrase to give voice to our thought, and must put it thus: that the distinctive mark of an Italian artist is his contentment with the eye. He never attempts to press beyond it, to make his work suggestive; he aims to soothe rather than to excite, to satisfy the imagination rather than to stimulate it, to allay curiosity rather than to set it working. With the exception of the prescribed emblems of the saints, I may say that such things as symbols to help out a story are almost unknown in Italian art. Its care is to provide objects of contemplation, to create works which, in their way, shall be as satisfactory to the eye as perfect natural organisms; the didactic spirit, the recording spirit, the spirit of research, are never present except in a subordinate and accidental fashion. In French art, which in many ways is nearer to that of Italy than any other, we find these same notions uppermost, but with this vital difference, that their guiding force is not feeling, as in Italy, but logic, and logic applied from the wrong end. In the art of the Low Countries the one thing that runs through all its works is human verity, the wish to paint external nature, not exactly as it is, but as it strikes the eye of man; this desire is modified only by the readiness to select which gradually diminishes as we go north, being strongest in the painters of Antwerp and weakest in those of Amsterdam.

And what is the intellectual note of our own school? It is, I think, distinction. English pictures look well-bred, if I may use such a phrase. No other school of portrait-painting has so uniformly succeeded in making its sitters look like picked specimens of humanity; and a corresponding air pervades English landscapes and pictures of *genre*. It was, I believe, to this quality that the late M. Duranty alluded when he spoke of English art as *plein d'un haut dandysme intellectuel*.* It is very difficult to describe it in words, but I may perhaps suggest its character by saying that to a picture it bears exactly the same relation as acquired manner does to the rest of a well-bred man's individuality. Among the painters of the Continent, the only great ones who have possessed it in a very con-

* *Gazette des Beaux Arts*, 1878.

siderable degree have been Vandyck and Claude. With the Fleming it took that form of personal distinction on the part of his sitters which is so sure to be recognized; with Claude it was carried too far, and degenerated into what we call "classicality." But yet, in a sense, these two men were the fathers of English painting, for even when they were not directly taken as models they were responsible for much of that awakened interest in art, first in one form, then in another, which made the career of a native painter possible in this country. It may be said that what I have called the distinctive note of English art is an accident arising from the popularity of Vandyck; but it must be remembered that other painters had been here before him and had failed to leave a permanent mark, and yet Holbein had been one and Moro another. It is too often forgotten that the revival of the last century was not the beginning of art in England. In the centuries before the Reformation, English missal painting had been the finest in the world, and its traditions had to some extent been continued in a school of miniature to which no other could compare. We had built cathedrals, too, and churches, in which a style created by our neighbors had been used with a reserve, a flexibility, and a coherence that its creators never equalled. In all these works, and in other things that could be mentioned, those qualities of balance, taste, and delicacy, which go to make up what we have called distinction, are as conspicuous as they are in the best of the pictures inspired by Vandyck; so that we may fairly believe that the quality in question was innate in our artists, and responded to some natural taste of the English people. From the times of Nicholas Hilliard, of Isaac and Peter Oliver, down to those of Cosway, distinction was the one excellence that was never absent from serious English art, and, curiously enough, it crops up in what is not, I suppose, to be called serious art at all, in the caricatures of Gillray and Rowlandson, where it is combined drolly with Rabelaisian coarseness. In half-forgotten Jervas and Hudson, in Reynolds and Romney, and, above all, in Gainsborough, the greatest *artist* of our country, this same quality of distinction rises gradually to pitch unapproached in any non-English school.

Thomas Gainsborough was born in 1727, at Sudbury in Suffolk. Of his father, a prosperous tradesman, it was said that he combined the business of a clothier

for the living with the manufacture of shrouds and with a little quiet smuggling when occasion offered. Fulcher, the desultory biographer to whom we owe most of what we know of the painter's early life, tells some anecdotes of the Gainsborough family which go to prove that the painter was its most sober member. On one of old Mr. Gainsborough's smuggling excursions to the coast, his cart was stopped in the night by a revenue officer, who claimed to see what might be in it. The old gentleman was equal to the occasion. "I'll show you," he cried, snatching up a winding-sheet, and "rose in his shroud" to his full height of six feet or more, to the discomfiture of the indiscreet official. Nothing is told us of Gainsborough's mother; but with a father of this stamp his early life could scarcely have been uneventful. At the age of fifteen he came to London, and entered the famous St. Martin's Lane Academy, the early forerunner of the magnificence of Burlington House. He also studied with Francis Hayman, whose influence over his pupil's morals can hardly have been for the best. By the time he was nineteen, however, Gainsborough was back in Suffolk, where he painted such portraits as he could get to do, and numerous small landscapes, in a style half-way between Hobbema and Karel du Jardin. But the foundations of his future ease may be said to have been laid when he encountered the mysterious Miss Margaret Burr, who was supposed to be the daughter of "one of our exiled princes," according to one account, or of a Duke of Bedford according to another. The latter version receives some little support from the fact that throughout her life she was in the receipt of a regularly paid annuity of £200, and from the very strong likeness that may be traced between the features in her portrait (No. 80) in the Grosvenor Exhibition and those of John, fourth Duke of Bedford (No. 38). These two heads may very well be those of father and daughter. However this may have been, the two hundred a year must, at the beginning, have been a very acceptable addition to the painter's earnings. Gainsborough was married in 1746, when he was nineteen and his wife eighteen.

For some years they lived at Ipswich, and there made the acquaintance of Governor Thicknesse of Landguard Fort, an acquaintance that was to have considerable influence over their lives. Thicknesse was well suited with a name; he seems to have been a kind-hearted busybody, with

neither the wit nor the delicacy which allow one man to help another without fear of offence. In the early days of their intimacy the two got on well enough. Music was a bond of union between them. Thicknesse lent Gainsborough a violin, on which the artist, we are told, soon taught himself to play more than passably. It was by the advice of Thicknesse that Gainsborough made the first important move in life after marriage — his migration to Bath. The governor had a house and a circle of friends in the city of Beau Nash, and there he persuaded Gainsborough to set up his easel about ten years after his marriage. Success was immediate. Almost at once the painter began to raise his prices, and in a year or two he was getting forty guineas for a kitcat, and one hundred guineas for a full-length portrait, and was painting as many as he cared to undertake.

In 1774 Gainsborough and Thicknesse quarrelled. So far as we can understand the details, the breach was only made irreparable by the tongue of the governor's wife, but it is impossible to get at the truth of a squabble of which the two principal actors gave such contradictory accounts. In any case the painter had no cause to complain of the results to himself, for when, to use Thicknesse's words, "he had blotted out from his heart," or, at least, from his visiting list, "the truest friend he had ever possessed," Bath became unbearable, and the tardy resolution was taken to try the wider stage of London. This was 1774, only fourteen years before the painter's death. Some writers who have attempted to account for the comparative obscurity of Gainsborough's life, seem to have forgotten the shortness of his time in the capital. Reynolds had been established there since 1744, and it was not until he had almost completed his fifty years in London that his sands ran out. This inequality in the lengths of their careers is quite enough to account for the comparatively insignificant figure cut by Gainsborough in the annals of metropolitan society in the eighteenth century.

Schomberg House, Pall Mall — what remains of it now forms the western part of the War Office — was the house he chose. For half of it he paid a rent of £300 a year to the portrait-painter, Astley, who occupied the other half himself. Thicknesse was so far from bearing malice that he sent him a letter to Lord Bateman, for whom Gainsborough afterwards was to paint one of his finest landscapes. But

the pictures he had annually despatched from Bath to the Academy were better introductions, and had already so thoroughly enlisted the public on his side that commissions came in faster than he could carry them out. He painted the king and queen, and a large proportion of the highest class of their subjects. In 1778 his "Duchess of Devonshire" appeared at the Academy, where Horace Walpole found it "very hard and washy." In 1779 we find Gainsborough writing: "My position with regard to encouragement, etc., is all that heart can desire." As a painter both of landscapes and portraits, he had gained the suffrages of all the best judges of art then living. To the general public, indeed, he was known almost exclusively as a portrait-painter. In eighteen years he sent only six landscapes to the exhibitions; but his house was full of them, and every sitter who came to pass his hour upon the artist's throne had to walk down a lane of scenes from sylvan England before he reached the studio. After he came to London, Gainsborough's only refreshment of his country tastes seems to have lain in occasional visits to Richmond, where he had a cottage; thence he drew many of the rustic models which charm us in his later works.

Early in 1787, Sir George Beaumont, Sheridan, and Gainsborough dined together, and the party was so successful — mainly, we are told, through the high spirits of the artist — that another meeting was arranged for an early day. But delights never repeat themselves with real good-will. When the appointed night arrived, Gainsborough wore a look of profound melancholy that no efforts of his companions could move. At last he rose and took Sheridan out of the room — to invite him to his funeral! When the invitation had been accepted the two men returned to the table, and for the rest of the *séance*, Gainsborough was the soul of the party. But the artist's forebodings were soon fulfilled. In 1788 began the trial of Warren Hastings in Westminster Hall, and Gainsborough, like the rest of the world, went to see the show. He found a place with his back to an open window, and in the course of the day, felt what seemed an icy hand laid on the back of his neck. There, on his return home, his wife found a hard white spot, which shortly proclaimed itself a cancer, and killed him on the 2nd of August in the same year.

Before we can form a just idea of Gainsborough's art we must try to see what he

was as a man. His life was uneventful, even for an artist, but it contained enough incident of a modest kind to give us a fair notion of how he would be likely to behave under any given conditions. Besides this, we have the direct testimony of those who knew him alive, and we have, too, the best evidence of all, his portraits of himself. And all these witnesses say the same thing. Gainsborough was capricious and wayward almost as a child; as a child, too, he was easily pleased, and his pleasure, though deep, was short-lived. He was incapable of putting a high and definite ambition before himself, and pushing steadily on to realization. His temperament, as a whole, was so thoroughly artistic, and his perceptive gifts were so great, that, careless as he was, failure in his art was impossible. But if his æsthetic faculties had been less supreme than they were, he would assuredly have failed. It is only on a minority of his pictures that any real thought has been expended. Sitter after sitter went to him to be brushed on to the canvas in the first pose that suggested itself; his instinct as a colorist was so sure that even his hastiest daubs are not without power to charm, but in their want of arrangement, in their often clumsy management of arms and legs, they corroborate what we guess from other sources as to the artist's inability, or at least dislike, to think out a conception. The hastiness of judgment and unwillingness to see other people's sides to a question, which generally go with the character I have here described, were Gainsborough's to the full. When his feelings prompted him to take offence, neither his intellect nor his conscience was stern enough to hold him back, and he would squabble as unreasonably as a woman, and, it must be added, as half-heartedly as a child. He was, in fact, petulant rather than quarrelsome; he entered into a quarrel readily, but, being in, his first thought seems to have been to get out. All this speaks of a rather shallow and unstable nature, gifted, as such natures often are, with fine perceptive faculties and a delicate taste. When a character like this is free from active vice it is not a bad one to get through the world with, either for its possessor or for those with whom his life is passed. The worst thing about it, perhaps, is a lack of personal dignity, which, in the case of Gainsborough, too often led him to speak and write with a coarseness that even the manners of the time would not excuse.

One of Gainsborough's biographers

puts down his paintings as upwards of three hundred, a total which must be very far indeed below the mark. It would, in fact, only give about seven for each year of his life after he was once fairly embarked on his profession. If all his works could be traced, the probabilities are that the thousand, at least, could be made up. In the present exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery there are two hundred and sixteen; at Burlington House there are eleven; in the National Gallery there are thirteen; at Dulwich, six; at South Kensington, two; in the National Portrait Gallery, three; and in other public collections four more, including the famous "Mrs. Graham" at Edinburgh. So that, in these gatherings alone, there are two hundred and fifty-five pictures, and it is unlikely that they represent, at most, more than a third of the artist's productions. But, as we might expect from a man of Gainsborough's character, his serious attempts form but a minority of his works. He was an Achilles whose bow was at full stretch only now and then. Less, perhaps, than any other great painter can he be judged by the *ensemble* of what he has left behind. From among the works whose numbers I have given some forty or fifty might be chosen, however, on which a claim to the very highest rank could be made for their author.

Some writers have professed to see in Gainsborough a landscape rather than a portrait painter. One biographer goes so far as to say that "those critics who had any discernment thought his landscapes superior to his portraits." I must be content to be a "critic" without discernment; for nothing seems clearer to me than that his landscapes, though mostly fine in color and as a whole magnificent in their truth of impression, have been excelled on their own ground by those of other men. In the early years of his activity Gainsborough must have had opportunities for the study of Dutch landscape painters, for pictures like the "Cornard Wood" in the National Gallery, the small landscape lent by Mr. D. P. Sellar to the Old Masters, and the unfinished sketch contributed by Mr. G. Cavendish Bentinck to Sir Coutts Lindsay's exhibition, show a mingling of qualities taken from Hobbema, Ruysdael, Karel du Jardin, Wynants, and others, that cannot be accidental. But this careful, rather dry, although to my mind wholly fascinating method of work, was put aside as soon as Suffolk was deserted for the west, and a new style was taken up which was most

likely founded, in the first instance, on the backgrounds of those Vandyck portraits which for the rest of his life were to be for Gainsborough the highest expression of art. In the print-room of the British Museum there is a landscape sketch by Vandyck that might almost be taken for a Gainsborough. It is in water-color; Mr. George Scharf believes it to be a study for the background of the "Charles I." at Blenheim; in any case its resemblance in essentials to the work of our English painter is so strong that, taken with other things, it is enough to prove that Gainsborough's luminous, broad, rather empty but splendidly coherent handling of trees was based, like his portrait-painting, on the example of the Anglo-Flemish knight. It may, in fact, be said that the best landscapes of his middle period — Lord Bateman's "Going to Market" may be taken as a type — are compacted of the sympathy with nature learnt in Suffolk and the love for breadth and coherence instilled by Vandyck's example. In after years opportunities for the study of Titian and Rubens may have led to the increased depth and force of his latest pictures, such as the Duke of Westminster's "Cottage Door," the National Gallery "Watering Place," and Lord Carnarvon's "Cottage Children," or "Wood-gatherers," as the Grosvenor catalogue calls it. But such opportunities were few in Gainsborough's England, and he never went abroad, so that perhaps we should rather refer the increased splendor of his art to his own natural gifts and to the stimulus they received at second hand through the attempts of Sir Joshua and others to rival the richness of the Flemish and Venetian masters.

But it is in his finest portraits that Gainsborough touches a height overpassed by no other painter. The "Mrs. Siddons" of the National Gallery, the "Mrs. Graham" at Edinburgh, the "Blue Boy" and "Lady Sheffield," now at the Grosvenor, the "Lepel, Lady Mulgrave," and "Squire Hilliard (?) and his Wife," at Burlington House, the "Queen Charlotte" at South Kensington, the "Mrs. Sheridan and Mrs. Tickell" at Dulwich, all these are masterpieces of color and of that great quality of distinction on which I dwell at the beginning of this article. Mr. Ruskin calls Gainsborough "the greatest colorist since Rubens," and in some qualities of color he might have said that he had never been equalled. No other painter has won such a wealth of result with means so slight. Many of his

finest things are at once superb in color and but little removed from monochrome; of this "Lady Mulgrave" is a magnificent example. Her piquant features are en-framed in a mass of powdered hair which is contrasted finely with the rich diaphanous black of a silk mantle or *fichu*. The effect is magical. In the flesh-painting the lightness of effect upon which Reynolds dwelt in his discourse upon Gainsborough is well seen, but it is still more striking in the "Mrs. Siddons" of Trafalgar Square. In some ways this picture may be looked upon as its author's masterpiece. The delicacy of a refined English complexion has never been more superbly rendered, while on the general arrangement of masses and on the management of an intricate color problem Gainsborough never expended more thought than he did here. The color chord is made up of a light, warm blue, a cool yellow, crimson, brown, and black, and the whole forms a *cadre* for the lovely head in which every beauty is heightened by a fitting contrast. It was, perhaps, from the example of Vandyck that Gainsborough first imbibed his fondness for blue. Certain it is that in the vast majority of his better works the tint in question has an important place. The most conspicuous exception I can call to mind is the "Mrs. Graham" at Edinburgh, in which a warm crimson is substituted for the usual hue. In the "Lady Sheffield," the "Mrs. Siddons," the "Blue Boy," the "Lady Bate Dudley," and a host more, blues of more or less coolness occupy the centres of the canvas.

Nothing is more likely than that Reynolds had this peculiarity in his mind when he uttered the famous sentence in his eighth discourse, which has been so often discussed. Sir Joshua was fond of giving a dig to his rivals from the safe elevation of the president's throne. The discourses abound with passages in which first one and then another English or Continental painter is hit at. Names are not given in the cases of living men, but no doubt it was easy enough for most of the lecturer's audience to put the dots on the i's, for they were *in medias res*, and would be helped by the general gossip of the time. "It ought, in my opinion, to be indispensably observed, that the masses of light in a picture be always of a warm, mellow color, yellow, red, or a yellowish white; and that the blue, the grey, or the green colors be kept almost entirely out of these masses, and be used only to support and set off these warm colors. . . .

Let this conduct be reversed . . . and it will be out of the power of art, even in the hands of Rubens or Titian, to make a picture splendid or harmonious." These are the words of Reynolds, and it will be seen that he banishes to subordinate positions exactly the colors — blue and grey and green — which had already been used by Gainsborough for the centres of many a masterpiece. Strange as it seems, Reynolds appears not to have grasped the elementary fact that the warmth and glow of paint does not depend upon its color but upon its quality, upon its transparency, upon the light it contains and transmits, and upon the skill with which optical contrasts are used in its shadowing. A transparent blue, or black, or green, is a vast deal warmer than an opaque yellow or red, and in the hands of a real colorist like Gainsborough could be made as effective as the most gorgeous tints in the rainbow.

When Reynolds enunciated the above dictum, it would no doubt be at once applied by his audience, and when the super-sensitive Gainsborough heard of it, as he could hardly fail to do, no answer on his part could be more likely than the one ascribed to him, namely, the painting of a portrait in which blue should not only be the main but the only color, nothing else being admitted on the figure but a few spots of white and the necessary flesh tints. And this blue he determined to set against a warm Titianesque background, so that his confusion of the president might be complete. It has sometimes been contended that dates do not fit; that Master Buttall was painted in 1770, eight years before Sir Joshua's challenge was spoken. The only facts in support of this notion, however, are the occurrence in the Academy catalogue of 1770 of a "Portrait of a Young Gentleman," and a passage in a letter from Miss Mary Moser, R.A., to Fuseli, in which she says that Gainsborough "is beyond himself in a portrait of a young gentleman in a Vandyck habit." But Gainsborough's style in 1770 was not in the least like this. The breadth, richness, and warmth of the "Blue Boy" brings it near the "Cottage Door," the "Woodgatherers," and other things of the last years of his life. It cannot have been painted before about 1779. A comparison with things known to belong to the years between 1766 and 1772, such as the "Garwick," the "Duchess of Montagu," the "Lord Chesterfield," is quite conclusive. For all these reasons it seems to me that

the "Blue Boy" tradition should not be abandoned just yet. It fits in with all we know of the two men concerned, and it explains things that would otherwise be difficult to account for in the picture itself.

On its merits, the "Blue Boy" does not, I think, deserve its supreme place. The portrait of "Lady Sheffield," which for the moment is hanging on the same wall, is a better picture. The same problem of the use of blue is there solved with equal ease, while the flesh tints are without the heat, and the background without the rather lurid heaviness by which the beauty of the Duke of Westminster's picture is appreciably diminished. In no picture in the world, not even in the portrait of Lord Lynedoch's wife, is the grace of young womanhood so marvellously rendered as here. In one or two of Vandyck's Genoese pictures, the dignity given by birth and habits of command is suggested more surely perhaps than by any other painter, but neither Vandyck nor any one else has equalled Gainsborough in the lightness and apparent rapidity with which his hand settles exactly on those things which make up the indescribable quality we call distinction. The grace of his women seems part of themselves; even when the fashion of their dress is most extravagant, it is brought by some mysterious insight of the artist's within their own personalities. There is nothing more exquisite in art than the way in which the sweet young head of Lady Sheffield is fitted into the huge and not very reposeful hat. But even the most perfect things have flaws, and this portrait is damaged to some slight extent by a certain smokiness of general hue, which is, however, most likely the effect of dirt.

In this attempt to describe the art and personality of Gainsborough, I have deliberately refrained from making any comparisons with Reynolds. Although their pictures are sometimes so like each other that unpractised critics have a difficulty in knowing which is which, the two men were very wide apart as artists, and but for the habits of English society in their age, it is unlikely that they would have been rivals in one branch of art. Reynolds became a painter, no doubt, from predilection; but he remained one and excelled in art through the deliberate exercise of a good intellect added to a just taste. Gainsborough, on the other hand, was governed by his temperament; his best things seem to have been the birth of moments of æsthetic exaltation. He took a fancy to a sitter, as he took a fancy

to a viol-di-gamba, and knew no rest till he had added both to his collection. Those who came to be painted in the lucid intervals received work which may have satisfied them but which does not attract us. But, leaving such things out of account, enough remains to justify his countrymen in placing Gainsborough among the great enchanters, in setting him in that front rank of the army of art in which less than a score of painters appear.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.

From The Fortnightly Review.
JANE AUSTEN AT HOME.

THE letters of Jane Austen, which have recently been published by Mr. Bentley, were discovered by Lord Brabourne among other family papers after the death of his mother, Lady Knatchbull, who was Miss Austen's niece. The letters are interesting from the character of the writer, and from the allusions which they contain to her daily life and habits, and the neighborhood in which she lived during the last seven years of her life. But they are addressed chiefly to her sister and her niece, and seldom travel out of the range of domestic topics, recording for the most part only the occupations and amusements—the birth, death, and marriage of her numerous circle of relations. They are full of the same humor and gentle, smiling satire which we find in the novels, and by all who can appreciate these will be read with pleasure. But the flavor of Miss Austen's wit is rather delicate than rich, and by some it has been called insipid. So that some ninety letters, almost exclusively taken up with ribbons, flounces, and caps, and the sayings and doings of a crowd of undistinguished persons in whom the public at large cannot be expected to take an interest, are hardly likely, even with the aid of Miss Austen's genius, to become generally popular. To the lady's genuine admirers, however, they need no recommendation. These will understand that the pettiest and most commonplace details of domestic life may become amusing in the hands of this incomparable writer; while the book at the same time has the wider interest which always attaches to the sight of heroes and heroines *en deshabille*, and occupied with those trifling objects which, though as important to most of them as they are to the rest of the world, are vulgarly supposed to be beneath their notice. But the public must

look for no literary or social gossip in these epistles. They introduce us to no lions; they offer us no criticism, or next to none; and they leave us with the impression that Miss Austen was in no sense of the word a woman of letters, or absorbed very deeply in the literature of her own or any other country. There is not the faintest odor of the *salon* about her. She is just a simple-minded, well-bred English young lady, thoroughly satisfied with her lot in life, interested in all the amusements which are popular with her sex, fond of quiet, fond of shopping, fond of the theatre, and thoroughly familiar with all rural habits and occupations. "There are a prodigious lot of birds, they say, this year," she writes to a correspondent, "so that perhaps even I may kill a few." We are not, I suppose, to infer from this passage that Miss Austen ever did shoot a bird, or shoot at one. But she must have felt, at all events, that there could be nothing very odd in her doing so. That beneath this unpretending exterior lay a depth of observation, a power of expression, and a quality of humor which have caused eminent critics to pronounce her second only to Shakespeare, was suspected by no one till her works appeared, and then was very slowly recognized.

Many of these letters were written in London at the house of her brother Henry, who lived at one time in Sloane Street, and at another in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, near the bank in which he was a partner. Here we may study the life of the upper middle class as it was in London sixty years ago. The ladies still shop in Cranbourne Alley and Leicester Square; they dine at half past four that they may be in good time to see the great Mr. Kean as Shylock; when they come home at night they have soup and wine-and-water, and then retire "to their holes." We are rather surprised to find no hint of Vauxhall on any of these occasions; but Jane went to all the picture-galleries constantly on the look out for a portrait of Elizabeth Bennett, whom she expected to find in a yellow dress. In this particular search she was unsuccessful, but she did discover Mrs. Bingley, "dressed in a white gown with green ornaments, which convinces me of what I had always supposed, that green was a favorite color with her." She amuses herself with supposing that Mr. Darcy had too much "love, pride, and delicacy," to allow Elizabeth's picture to be exhibited. Her own characters were very real persons in her eyes; and she

was fond of describing to her friends what were their respective destinies in after life. The majority of the letters were written while Jane Austen's home was at Chawton, and as it was during these years that two of her best novels, one of them, perhaps, her very best, were begun and completed, and as she must certainly have found some of the materials for them in her immediate neighborhood, I hope my readers will share the interest which I took in visiting this haunted spot.

Miss Austen, with her mother and sister, came to reside at Chawton in the year 1809. Mrs. Austen was the widow of a clergyman, who had been vicar at Steventon, in Hampshire, and who died at Bath in 1805. They had all quitted Steventon in 1801, and after Mr. Austen's death spent some years at Southampton, before finally settling down again to cottage life. During this interval Miss Austen wrote nothing but the unfinished story of the "Watsons." At Steventon she had composed "Northanger Abbey," "Pride and Prejudice," and "Sense and Sensibility," though they were not published till 1811. The remainder were not designed and executed at Chawton.

This little Hampshire village is situated about a mile and a half to the south of Alton, on the road to Winchester, and is the property of Mr. Montagu Knight, the great-nephew of Miss Austen. His grandfather was Jane's brother, Edward, who was adopted by his first cousin, the Mr. Knight of that day, and assumed his name and arms. The Knights were a very old family in Kent, who acquired the Chawton property by intermarriage with the Lewknors, about the end of the seventeenth or beginning of the eighteenth century. The house is a picturesque old building of the date of 1588, and contains many very interesting portraits by Lely and by Romney; among others, one of Edward Knight, attired in the high-collared tail-coat, voluminous cravat, nankeen shorts, and watch-seals dangling from his fob, which was the habitual costume, we must remember, of all Jane Austen's heroes. His face, however, did not remind us of his sister. It is a shrewd and rather striking face; but not oval like the novelist's, and without any of her beaming good-humor.

Miss Austen was particularly careful not to draw her characters from the life, or even to reproduce traits which should lead her acquaintances into the temptation of guessing at the originals. Her own family know of no instance in which this rule has been violated, so that no

traditions remain, either at Steventon or at Chawton, of the particular personages who might have suggested Tom Thorpe or Mr. Bennett, or Mr. Elton, or Mrs. Norris. But the scenes, the houses, and the classes of society which we find in her delightful stories are exactly those with which she was familiar at home; and it is impossible to walk through the village of Chawton without feeling that we are in the presence of old acquaintances to whom we were introduced in the pages of "Mansfield Park," or "Emma." The cottage in the village, otherwise called the White House, belonging to Sir Thomas Bertram, to which Mrs. Norris retired on the death of her husband, the vicar, what can it be but the identical cottage belonging to the owner of the "great house" to which Miss Austen herself retired? and if not, there are one or two others still remaining in the village which would equally correspond to it. I have seen in Chawton House itself a room conspicuously resembling that "east room," formerly the schoolroom, which was given up to Fanny Price; while from the hall-door you would just catch that glimpse of "two ladies walking up from the Parsonage," which Fanny caught herself when she was flying from the rehearsal of "Lover's Vows." Often and often has that path been trodden by the footsteps of Jane Austen herself; and the only personal reminiscence of her which seems to have been preserved is in connection with it. One of her surviving nieces still remembers the figure of Aunt Jane walking across "the pasture," as it is called, from the village to the "great house," with her head a little on one side, and a small pillow or cushion pressed against it as if she was suffering from the toothache.

On the other side of Alton lie one or two other villages which bear a family resemblance to Highbury. Holybourne even now is much what Highbury might have been in the days of Emma, and Froyle, a village nearer to Farnham, was, I am told, just such another. In Chawton itself, a place with not two hundred inhabitants, there were two houses of "gentle-folk," besides the hall and the parsonage. At Froyle there were as many, and at Holybourne there are still. There was in those days a particular grade of society, now all but extinct, which haunted these large villages and small country towns, and seemed somehow or other to be associated with the days of stage coaches and to have perished with the advent of the railways: families quite

unconnected with "trade," with small but still sufficient incomes, who did nothing at all in life, and seemed to wish to do nothing. Mr. Woodhouse is just such a man; Mr. Bennett was another. They were not county gentlemen; they were not professional men; they were not necessarily sportsmen; if they farmed, it was only for amusement. They would have shuddered at the thought of speculating; they vegetated quietly on a fixed income, which they were careful not to imperil, and formed the main ingredient at those card parties and early supper parties which were the amusement of our grandfathers and grandmothers in these secluded spots, and which imparted a familiar flavor of sociability and gaiety to the country life of the period, which has now long ago departed from it. Then, too, there was the village club, which was held at the Crown at Highbury, of which Mr. Knightley and Mr. Weston were members, and who had never found out that the paper was dirty till Emma and Mrs. Weston pointed it out to them. Imagine a country squire of four to five thousand a year, with all the best company in the neighborhood, meeting to play whist and drink port wine at the Dog and Gun, or the King's Arms, or any other village inn of similar calibre, at the present day!

The residents in the neighborhood of Chawton have noticed the gradual disappearance of families of this type, and I have noticed it myself in many other parts of England. Civilization has been too much for them, and they are gradually retiring before its advances like the otter and the badger.

Jane Austen's cottage stands at the south-west corner of the village, where the road turns off to Alresford, and is thought at some remote period to have been a posting-house. It is now divided into two parts, one used as a working man's club, the other occupied by Mr. Knight's coachman. It is a long, low house, of which what were the dining-room and drawing-room are still nearly as they were; and we may people the former with the authoress and her little writing-desk, seated at a table by the window, without any effort of the imagination. The garden was evidently a large one; the flower garden separated from the kitchen garden by only a grass walk, and some fine fir-trees and lime-trees offering a pleasant shelter in the summer time. It is now all in disorder. Turnips and mangel-wurzel are grown by the enterprising

coachman in the ground where Jane Austen perhaps cultivated roses and dahlias, and the whole place wears a forlorn and disconsolate appearance. The memory of its former occupant, however, invests it with a halo of its own, which no amount of squalor can dispel. Here are the trees and the walks and the hedges on which Jane Austen's eyes rested as the Elliots and the Musgroves, and the Eltons and the Bertrams, grew beneath her hand. Here was the shady walk where she paced up and down maturing her plots and shaping her catastrophes. Here, in this very little room, were written "Emma," "Mansfield Park," and "Persuasion," and here the great question was decided of the proper incomes to be allotted to Eleanor and Marianne Dashwood. He who cannot do the rest for himself and rehabilitate Jane Austen's house as it was during her living occupation of it, had better not visit it at all.

All the reading world is now at Miss Austen's feet, but till lately her public was a small one. The generous and humorous Scott, the critical and prejudiced Macaulay, Southey, Coleridge, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Holland, Sydney Smith, knew and appreciated her novels. But the popular taste had just been diverted into another channel by the author of "Waverley" himself, when they first began to appear, and it was not till the flood of enthusiasm excited by the great feudal and mediæval renaissance had begun to settle down that Jane Austen's characters reappeared, so to speak, above the waters, and assumed their natural place in the literary world. There is hardly any person nowadays under fifty years of age with any pretensions to culture or literary taste, who would not be ashamed to own that he or she had not read "Pride and Prejudice," or "Emma," and the growing popularity of these inimitable portraits, owing nothing to either sensational incidents, or broadly comic caricatures, is one of the most hopeful literary symptoms of the present day. Miss Austen is the true mistress of what for lack of a better title we must still call genteel comedy, and had she lived in the beginning or middle of the last century, would, I am confident, have outstripped all competitors. "Emma" alone would have made the fortune of a theatre, and would still, had we the actors and actresses capable of exhibiting traits so delicately marked, yet at the same time so piquant and so peculiar.

If we turn to the dramatists of the Res-

toration, and after these again to the Colemans, and Cibbers, and Bickerstaffs, and Murphys of the Georgian era, where shall we find a single painter of character to compare with her? The Dorindas and Isabellas, the Lady Sullens and Lady Teazles, the Sir Gilbert Wrangles and Sir Pertinax McSycophants, who still keep the stage, are daubs by the side of Harriet Smith and her patroness, Mrs. Norris, Lady Bertram, Tom Thorpe, Mr. Bennett, or Mr. Collins. I have taken these names at random and could match them with a dozen others. Neither Goldsmith nor Sheridan holds the mirror up to nature like Miss Austen; their comedies are really farces, and their characters, when not buffoons, possess little or no individuality. Powers more akin to Jane Austen's are discernible in both Richardson and Fielding: and I have often thought that had she been a man, she could have drawn a better Lovelace than the one and a better Amelia than the other. But after all, if there is one writer in the English language, except the great master of all, who, had he laid out his strength upon fiction could have equalled her on her own ground, I am inclined to think there is but one, and that is Addison.

Miss Austen's part is to make us smile rather than to make us think, to show us the ridiculous side of wickedness and folly, of meanness, selfishness, pompousness, vanity, and egotism, rather than their darker aspects or more dangerous consequences. She is no great moralist. Her art is all in all to her. She never treats vice with levity; that would have been false to the character of the society she was depicting. But as little do we hear of anything in the shape of agony, remorse, or penitence, as the natural consequences of moral guilt. Adultery and seduction figure in her pages among other incidents of human life which cannot be altogether omitted if the drama is to faithfully represent it. But they are treated with just that amount of reprobation which the world in general, the respectable, decorous world in which Jane Austen moved, visits such offences. They are shocking and deplorable, and imply that the young people who are guilty of them must have been very badly brought up. But we are carried no farther. Lydia Bennett and Wickham are supposed to be as happy in their married life as if they had never done wrong before it. A similar lot is thought possible for Mrs. Rushworth and Henry Crawford. The authoress who is

to draw a picture of society cannot go farther than society goes in these matters; and the grief of the Bertram family over the elopement of Maria always reminds us of the conventional sorrow, which, when the feelings are not deeply touched, it is proper to exhibit at a funeral, rather than of that heartfelt shame or horror which many other writers would have deemed the necessary effect of a sister's or a daughter's fall.

Herein this lady shows her genuine dramatic genius. We have plenty of writers who make the world out to be a great deal worse than it is; others who represent the worldly consequences of wrong-doing as a great deal worse than they are. Miss Austen hits the happy mean. She takes society as she finds it, and turns neither to the right nor to the left for the sake of strained effects; extenuates nothing, exaggerates nothing; leaves her readers to point a moral for themselves if they are so minded, or to rest satisfied with the contemplation of an exquisite picture if their ideas soar no higher. Above all, she indulges in no asides or colloquies with the reader, makes use of no artifices to direct his attention to her meaning, and never for one single instant is guilty of the crime of preaching. Oh! then, it will be said, Miss Austen has no moral purpose. No, certainly not; and why should she have? Why should she be burdened with a load which the greatest luminaries of literature have never carried?

That a woman brought up as Jane Austen was brought up, and living the life that she did live both at Steventon and Chawton, should have risen to this conception of her art, is one of the most curious facts in connection with her. That she reflects only the prevailing tone of the society in which she moved is no bar to our surprise. The wonder is that she was never tempted to depart from it, if only to lighten the difficulty of exciting an interest in her stories. To have steered exactly between the two extremes of undue severity and undue license; to have caused us an uninterrupted amusement without ever descending to the grotesque; to have been comic without being vulgar, and to have avoided extremes of every kind, without ever being dull or commonplace, is the praise of which Jane Austen is almost entitled to a monopoly. The narrow path on which all her stories move, the moderation of her pretensions, the ordinary material out of which her dramas are

constructed, are a source of ceaseless admiration when we consider the effects which have been produced by them, and only add another to the many proofs which we possess that nothing is too mean for genius to convert into gold.

We learn from the biographer of Miss Austen that her favorite poet was Crabbe. She would naturally sympathize with a writer who drew his inspiration from the ordinary humanity which surrounded him, and found poetry under the coarsest and least romantic aspects of village life. Yet the eye with which Crabbe looked on society was very different indeed from that which Jane Austen turned upon it. Crabbe was in reality more akin to the authoress of "Adam Bede," than to the authoress of "Mansfield Park." He had all her seriousness of purpose, though without any particle of her humor; and his powers of versification, combined with the sincerity and novelty of his descriptions, secured him the place which he deservedly occupies in our literature. But the cheerful, easy view of life, which either avoids or is unconscious of its deeper problems and its worst miseries, was wholly foreign to the author of the "Tales of the Village." He could not walk about among the poor without seeing that the real conditions of rural life, at all events in the eastern counties, were very different from what poets had described; and to borrow a celebrated and much misunderstood expression, Crabbe "resolved to be correct." That is, he determined to be true to nature, and to give the world a picture of rural existence unembellished by any of the fanciful ideas with which it had been customary to adorn it. Now, I doubt whether it was in Jane Austen's nature to have done this; whether her genius would have flowered freely under such conditions; and whether she could have fixed her mind for long together on what was not cheerful and comfortable. But to repeat what I have said already, herein lies her title to our homage. There are better materials for fiction of a highly interesting character among the very poor and the very rich, than among the intermediate classes. There is no word in the human vocabulary which lends itself so little to the purpose of imagination as "comfort." Yet in Miss Austen's stories, while we are most deeply interested and excited, we are always steeped in comfort. I should have said, that much as she might enjoy the literary excellence of Crabbe she would have shrunk from the

realities which attend it; and that she had neither the intellectual nor the moral robustness to stomach such fare. She was not born to "rough it" in pursuit of subjects: either to climb the highest peaks, or explore the lowest depths of society. But of all that could be seen from the window of a quiet English country parsonage, the whole border land in which the middle and the upper classes melt into each other, she was a perfect mistress, and such a painter as we may never see again. In his portraiture of squires and clergymen Crabbe cannot be compared with her for a moment. Though a clergyman, he was but an outside observer of such types; but Miss Austen was to the manner born, free of the craft, and knew them to the backbone.

Where all are so good it is difficult to award the palm. But I cannot at all events accept Lord Brabourne's classification, who places Elizabeth Bennett first among the heroines, and Darcy among the heroes. It is unnecessary to add that he thinks "Pride and Prejudice" her best novel. If we understand his contention, it is that Elizabeth is the best heroine because she has the fewest faults; and he appears to be of opinion that Emma's love of match-making, self-confidence, and self-will ought necessarily to make her less interesting. To myself they make her all the more so. Her sauciness is her great charm, and the sparring between herself and Mr. Knightley is scarce, if at all, inferior to the scenes between Beatrice and Benedick. In the heroine of "Pride and Prejudice" there is a combination of sweetness and vivacity which is very captivating, but she lacks the individuality of Emma, and on this ground alone, if on no other, I must still place her higher than Elizabeth.

If we turn to the heroes, I can say of Darcy what Lord Brabourne says of Mr. Knightley: "I never could endure him." He is eminently disagreeable, and in my opinion ill-bred. He might have thought what he liked about Elizabeth's relations, but he ought not to have said it to herself. Mr. Knightley, on the contrary, is always a gentleman. That he was sixteen years older than Emma was, in my opinion, rather in his favor than against him. If he lectured her he never lectured her pompously, and it is to be believed that a few such lectures before marriage would save a good many afterwards.

Lord Brabourne's criticism is interesting, and his judgment carries great weight;

but the explanatory prefaces attached to each division of the correspondence are more valuable still, as they enable us to enter into the subject-matter of the letter, and to understand the allusions and the jokes as we never could have done without them. I have no doubt that I speak the sentiments of all Jane Austen's admirers when I say that we are greatly indebted to him.

I thought it a privilege to be allowed to visit the spot where these novels were composed, and to gaze on the very room in which the authoress sat and wrote, to walk in the garden where she walked, and in the church where she so often knelt. Her grave is not in Chawton churchyard, where her mother, who died in 1827, and her sister, who lived in Chawton Cottage till 1845, are both interred; for she was removed to Winchester for her health in May, 1817, and dying there in the following June, was buried in Winchester Cathedral, nearly opposite to the tomb of William of Wykeham. Her fame has made its way so slowly, and is even now so much less than her deserts, that Chawton is untrodden of pilgrims, and the hospitable owner of Chawton House is but little molested with inquirers. But while English society remains what it still is, with so much to remind us of what it once was, and while the manners of one generation melt so imperceptibly into those of another that the continuity hardly seems broken, so long will the interest in Jane Austen continue to strengthen and expand, till Chawton perhaps may even become nearly as well known as Selbourne, and visitors to the one never think of departing from the neighborhood till they have also paid a visit to the other. A celebrity such as that of Abbotsford it is not possible that it should acquire. Scott wrote for the world, while Miss Austen could hardly be appreciated by any one not thoroughly English. Guizot, it is true, was among her admirers, and there are foreigners, of course, who know England as well as some Englishmen know the Continent. But these are exceptions, and "Miss Austen's country" must be content with the admiration of those who can admire Miss Austen. I had not intended when I commenced this article to travel much beyond the local associations connected with her, but have been unconsciously led into a criticism which my enthusiasm for one who commanded the enthusiasm of so many better able to justify it, will, I hope, be permitted to excuse.

T. E. KEBBEL.

From The Fortnightly Review.

THE UPPER ENGADINE IN WINTER.

IN the east of Switzerland, amongst the highlands of the Grisons, lies a long, broad valley, which, although out of the track of the majority of tourists, is visited in summer by some thousands of English people in search of health or pleasure. This upper valley of the Inn, or Engadine, can also boast of a winter season, during which St. Moritz is the home alike of persons suffering from pulmonary complaints, nervous diseases, and other disorders, and of those who come for the skating and tobogganing. So long ago as the winter of 1867-68 an entry occurs in the visitors' book at the Kulm Hotel, recording the advantage which the writer, suffering from disease of the lungs, had experienced from a five months' sojourn there. Similar testimony was furnished by persons staying at St. Moritz during the next two seasons. After this, notwithstanding such favorable witness to its curative capabilities, and the increasing reputation of Davos as a resort for consumptive patients, no one remained at St. Moritz during the winter months until 1876. This was owing partly to the want of local enterprise in advertising it as a health resort, partly to want of preparation in the shape of stoves and double windows, to enable invalids to continue there during the cold season. Since 1876, however, the number of winter guests has increased. This winter upwards of one hundred and ninety people are spending several months there, and Davos, whose climate is similar to that of Engadine, bids fair in a few years to be overcrowded. It is, consequently, very desirable that the number of such health resorts should be multiplied, and that those which are adapted for invalids should become well known, in order that they may be put in a state of preparation for the class of persons likely to come to them.

Places in the Alps, to be entirely suitable in winter for invalids, should possess, if possible, a sheltered position, not too high up on a hillside, should be free from wind, exposed to the sun, sufficiently remote from running water to prevent mists reaching the hotel, and accessible to the outside world by carriage-roads. The upper Engadine, which at present offers four winter health resorts—St. Moritz, Samaden, Pontresina, and Maloja—can be reached by six great Alpine routes: the Julier and Albula from Chur, the Bernina and Maloja from Italy, the Fluela from Davos, and the road from Austrian Tyrol. Of these the passes most likely

to be used by English people are the Julier and Maloja, since the others are either higher or more exposed to avalanches. A journey from England can be accomplished in the shortest time by crossing the Julier, but this involves a twelve hours' drive in an open sledge—within the last week or two a closed sledge has been used in crossing this pass—while by the Maloja the journey is made *viâ* the St. Gothard by railway as far as Chiavenna, thence to St. Moritz by open sledge in eight hours. The Maloja is almost the lowest pass in Switzerland, being fifteen hundred feet lower than the Julier, a consideration of great importance for delicate persons in winter or even in late autumn. The nature of the passage over these passes varies with the weather. In winter the summer diligence is replaced by a series of small sledges, each drawn by one horse and holding two passengers. As a rule, only the first and last sledges have drivers. Along the narrow track formed in the snow the procession walks or trots, according to the degree of the slope. The horses are accustomed to their work, and follow their leader without the use of the reins. But if they should chance to be fresh to their duties and leave the track, they will flounder more than knee-deep in the powdery snow, on which the occupants of the sledge will then usually find themselves deposited without violence or hurt. If the road is in good condition, the weather fine, as it generally is in the Alps in winter, and the traveller well clad in warm wraps or furs, a day's drive over the snow is one of the pleasantest experiences imaginable. Starting in the early morning, the keen, cold air makes the flesh tingle. Then is the time, before the sun has gained full power, to put on warm overcoats, and to cover up the ears and the hands. As we go on, the sun, shining through the thin air, begins to burn fiercely, and we are glad to discard one by one many coverings which were necessary earlier in the day. This peeling process may continue until we feel surprised at the lightness of the covering required, but these rejected wraps will have to be donned again as evening advances. The combination of warm, bright sun, with the cold, crisp air, of which one is scarcely conscious, constitutes the great charm of the Alpine winter climate. The nerves and muscles are braced, so that exercise is not merely pleasant, but almost indispensable, and the only life tolerable is one spent in the open air, either basking in the sunshine

or carrying on the various amusements of the season. If the weather in crossing a pass should happen to be unfavorable—in which case common sense would recommend that the journey should be deferred—the traveller may gain an experience to be remembered with anguish for the rest of his life. When lowering clouds discharge their burden of snow which, flung about in huge wreaths by a furious wind, blinds traveller, driver, and horses, and so covers up the track that the animals can scarcely make headway against the raging storm, then, despite the skill of the driver and the sagacity of his beasts, who, if well used to their work, will keep to the track even when deeply covered with snow, the situation will become most perilous. The worst that can happen is, that the accumulation of drifts and the force of the storm may render it impossible to proceed, and sledge and horses will be rapidly snowed up. The sledges are accompanied on stormy days by two or three of the roadmen, whose duty is to keep the track in order by shovelling fresh snow upon it in the places that are worn. They follow the sledges and, when necessary, dig them out or cut through drifts. Thus, by slow and painful stages, the travellers may reach their haven of safety, to suffer for days in eyes and skin, if not more severely, from the terrible exposure.

But there is no need to wait till the passes are covered with snow before making the journey to this upland valley. There are many reasons why travellers should arrive in autumn. The weather is then not so cold, and newcomers can get accustomed to the air of the Engadine before the severe weather sets in. The autumn, too, possesses recommendations of its own. September is usually a glorious month, and boasts a larger proportion of cloudless or only partially clouded days than any other month in the year. The woods, which in summer are masses of sombre green, become resplendent with gorgeous tints of crimson and gold, reminding one in many ways of the beauties of the American "Indian summer." The mountains are ablaze with color, and the eye wanders up their sides to rest on their snow-clad summits, which stand out in clear-cut relief against the deep-blue sky. All these manifold beauties, mirrored in the unruffled surface of the mountain lakes, form a rare combination of rich and harmonious coloring. The snow which falls at this season instead of rain, usually remains on the highest parts of the moun-

tains, but does not long continue in the valley, and the sublimity of the view is thus improved by the dignity which this white mantle lends to the surrounding hills. The autumn, however, like the spring, is, in the Engadine, a transition period of very brief duration. Soon the snowfalls become more heavy, and the "snowing in" begins. In two or three days several feet may fall, and one morning finds the ground thickly covered with a garment which will remain for about five months. The time at which this, which marks the beginning of winter, takes place, varies considerably in different years; but it is pretty safe to average its duration from November 14 to May 1.

The snowing-in period is often supposed to be an extremely objectionable and almost intolerable time. Like so many other things, it is not so bad as it is painted. No doubt the thawing of fresh-fallen snow is not pleasant, and the large quantity which often falls and tends to make it still more disagreeable; but in a high-lying place, like St. Moritz, for instance, the water quickly runs off, and owing to the extreme dryness of the air large quantities of moisture speedily evaporate. This transition period does not last long. A few days of unsettled weather lead, as a rule, to the heavy downfall, and then a spell of calm, cloudless days will usually follow. Wheel vehicles are replaced by sledges, snow gaiters are put on, and visitors as well as natives give themselves up to the pleasures of tobogganing. The toboggan is a small sledge, about forty-two inches long by fourteen inches wide, on iron runners. The rider drags it to the top of a steep snow slope, on which the snow has been beaten down so as to become hard, sits astride it with feet slightly projecting in front, and allows himself to slide. Soon he is rushing through the air at a tremendous pace; all his attention is bent on turning the corners neatly and with the least possible interference with the motion of the machine. Faster and faster he goes down the steep incline, with a cry of *Achtung!* to warn any one off the course; at the same time he keeps a sharp look-out for dangers ahead, until he reaches the long piece on the level which ends his journey. Strange to say, there are very few accidents, although the speed is considerable, often amounting to more than twenty-five miles an hour. The mode of guiding a toboggan is either by pressing lightly with the heels on the snow on the side towards which one wishes to go, or

by using one of two sticks held in the hands. By pressing both feet the brake is applied and the machine readily stopped, except when the upper surface of the track is glazed with ice; in this case a halt is made by running off the course into the soft snow on either hand. Toboggan runs can be made on any sloping ground. The snow requires to be first more or less consolidated on the surface to prevent the runners from sinking in. At St. Moritz, which is the only place in the Engadine where many visitors have stayed in the winter, there are three runs. One goes through the village, then along a road leading to the St. Moritz Baths, and finishes under the English Church. On this course there is always much uncertainty in turning the corners of the village street as to what may be encountered further on, and it is frequently necessary to exercise special care, and sometimes even to slacken speed, in passing sledges, as the horses drawing them are not always accustomed to toboggans provided not only with shouting riders, but often with jingling cow-bells. Another run at St. Moritz leads from the front of the Kulm Hotel, along the footpath, through a gate padded with sacks to diminish the discomfort of a collision; it then goes down a flight of steps, which, covered over and banked up with snow, give a very steep slope, turns sharp to the left, and so by one or two curves runs on to the frozen surface of the lake. No one who has not tried it can realize how much variety a course like this can supply in a short three minutes. Many were the occasions, during some races held there, on which the toboggan and its rider parted company, the first to perform a journey alone, the latter to be shot forward and buried in the snow. But the favorite run is by a steep footpath on the way to Samaden. Here, late in the season, when the track has become glazed with ice, the speed is enormous, and there is one corner round which one always looks eagerly for the first peep of the highway to see if there are any sledges coming along the road, which might bring before one, in a very unpleasant manner, the dangers of a level crossing. When the track is in condition for fastest going this road is altogether cleared by the toboggan, a slight rise on one side of it giving a sufficient elevation to enable the machine to shoot over it, and come to ground some distance on the other side, thence to dash on at express speed towards its final leap. There is a feeling of boundless exhilara-

tion in thus flying through the air which cannot be imagined unless it has been experienced. The only thing at all resembling it is riding on a locomotive engine, but the jolting and bumping in the latter case are absent on a good, though by no means on a bad, toboggan course, and the rider is much more master of his machine, which, though going at nearly equal speed, can be almost immediately brought to rest. The delight of this exciting sport may be much intensified if it be carried on by moonlight. Then the extreme cold of the night freezes the upper surface of the snow, and makes the travelling faster than by day. There is a feeling of weirdness and doubt as one dashes into the masses of shadow projected from wall and gable. The attention is strained to the utmost to avoid any lurking perils that have to be detected by eyes dazed with passing from brilliant moonlight for an instant only into the darkness, thence to emerge with headlong speed into the brightness beyond.

As a winter amusement, skating of course holds a high place. At the beginning of winter the rinks, of which at St. Moritz there are three, and one each at Samaden, Pontresina, and Maloja, are covered with people, old and young, men, women, and children, the majority of whom appear never to have been on skates before. The difficulties of balancing on two props, which long experience has enabled us to manage without even conscious effort on ordinary ground, are very much increased when the surfaces in contact are reduced to two narrow edges of steel; and the beginner on these rinks has the misfortune of having all his tumbles on the hard, unyielding surface of a solid mass of ice. But these difficulties are speedily overcome, and much good skating can be seen on the rinks. So highly is the amusement appreciated that many persons come from England for a short holiday of a month or six weeks about Christmas in order to enjoy it. It sometimes happens that no snow falls whilst the five lakes in the Engadine are freezing over, and, in consequence, skating on them is possible. Such has been the case for several weeks this year. Many of the winter visitors, hale and invalid alike, spend the whole day, from sunrise to sunset, on the rinks, and this for the greater part of the four months during which the water continues frozen. Lunch is partaken of on benches on the ice; and although surrounded by snow people are warmed, and even scorched,

by the fierce heat of the sun, which is not only poured down directly on them, but also reflected from the surface of the snow and ice around. It is thus that so many invalids are here enabled to regain their strength. The power of the sun's action is shown by the bronzed appearance of those who leave the Engadine in the spring, whose countenances excite much attention and surprise from the pale-faced inhabitants of the plains. Very often persons skating find it necessary to hold up umbrellas and parasols to shelter them from the heat of the sun — a curious and unwonted sight.

It need hardly be pointed out that the only means of transport from one village to another is by sledges. These have usually only seats for two, with a board behind on which the driver stands, and are drawn by one horse. The motion is extremely pleasant. The vehicle glides along the hardened snow with a slight movement from side to side, due to the motion of the horse. The traffic on the highroads has beaten down the snow and made the track quite smooth, so that it is almost as easy to walk in winter as in summer. In other places the snow is so deep and powdery that a person sinks in up to his knees, and walking becomes excessively fatiguing. But, in spite of this, many sturdy pedestrians cover long distances, and some even ascend mountains. All the post routes are kept open, and walking along the hard snow is much practised, although the majority of people prefer some of the other forms of amusement. The ardor with which visitors in summer make excursions has not yet seized upon those who come in the winter, but there is no reason why sledging parties should not be organized at that season as carriage excursions are in summer. Not unfrequently, however, people drive to the top of the adjacent passes and toboggan to the bottom.

The inhabitants of the villages carry on, during the winter, the trades which are more or less interrupted in the summer. All the time which is not occupied by more serious business is devoted to smoking, and numerous are the gatherings in the village restaurant for the consumption of beer and wine, and the retailing of local gossip. The living-rooms are kept warm by means of large stoves; and so important is it considered to retain all the heat possible, that windows are seldom opened for purposes of ventilation, so that very little fresh air finds access to the interior of the rooms, except by crev

ices in doors and windows. The same craving for warmth causes the sleeping-rooms, even in comparatively large houses, to be overcrowded; and in the older buildings the windows were made, for a similar reason, extremely small. In more modern structures the windows are larger, and double. If strangers should be tempted to visit any of these houses, they would be warmly welcomed by the inmates, who regard with interested surprise the irruption of foreigners during the cold of winter into their remote and snow-bound valley. Of all the places in the Engadine which are available for a winter stay, St. Moritz is that most likely to be selected. This village stands about three hundred feet above the lake of the same name. The mountains rising three to five thousand feet above the valley on either side, afford complete protection from winds blowing in north-west and south-east directions, but those blowing up and down the valley meet with few obstacles to check them. In summer the warm air which rises from the plains of Lombardy comes over the low pass of the Maloja, and having been cooled by expansion in the upper regions of lower air-pressure, forms the refreshing valley wind which is so familiar to all visitors to St. Moritz in the summer. It rises regularly about eleven o'clock in the morning, and dies away in the afternoon about three. This breeze, which is so pleasant in the hot months, would be intolerable in the winter, but at this season, owing to the universal covering of snow, there are not the same great differences of temperature in adjacent places to cause local winds, and consequently the only atmospheric disturbances that are perceived are those which reach the district from the outside.

At St. Moritz the largest hotel is the Kulm, and this is filled by a colony composed almost entirely of English people, of whom the minority are persons in search of health. The remainder is made up of caretakers, and of casuals who come for pleasure. So successful have the last two seasons proved at St. Moritz, that several hotels which have hitherto been closed are open this year. The great length of the corridors and the exceptionally large public rooms at the Kulm Hotel make it especially suited for a prolonged residence, and obviate that overcrowding which is injurious to health and trying to temper. The situation, not too high on the slope of a hill facing south, is one of the best that could be selected, since the cold air and mist sink down and collect at

the bottom of the valley, so that there is a much higher temperature in the village than at the baths, which are three hundred feet below. This difference of temperature is especially noticeable in the early morning. In going from the village down to the lake, we pass from a perfectly clear, dry atmosphere into a region where, owing to the frozen vapor present, the air is filled by millions of small ice crystals. These reflect from innumerable facets the rays of the sun, making the atmosphere seem filled with floating jewels, and at the same time produce a feeling of damp cold. Here, also, the surface of the snow and of any object which is exposed to the air is covered with those wonderful fabrics, large-sized, lace-like, hexagonal crystals of snow of all forms, radiant with gorgeous colors which vary with every movement of the observer, and are even more beautiful, because of their exquisite shapes, than the dew-diamonds on an English grass field.

Sunshine lasts from 10.45 A.M. till 3 P.M. on the shortest day, and these hours mark the limits within which most invalids find it desirable to remain out of doors. There is often a difference of more than 50° F. between the temperature in sun and shade. The sudden chill which accompanies sundown is remarkable. Sitting or walking one moment in full, bright sunshine, one suddenly becomes conscious of a coldness stealing over the earth as the sun passes down behind the mountains. Except when moonlight tobogganing is indulged in, it is not usual for people to go out walking in the evening, although the temptation to do so is strong from the unwonted brilliancy of the heavens. Indoors all kinds of creature comforts are attended to, and smoking and billiards, cards and conversation, pass away the winter evenings, with occasional diversions on a larger scale in the form of private theatricals, penny readings, concerts, and dancing. The last-named amusement absorbs much energy, and the crowning event of the season is a fancy-dress ball, in which a curious and miscellaneous collection of ancient and modern English dresses is usually associated with a series of interesting costumes of old Engadine beaux. Thus, despite the severe temperature outside, and contrary to the opinion of sympathizing friends in England, it is possible for gaiety and good humor to hold high festival in the midst of this exiled band of English people spending the winter in one of the highest villages in the Alps.

The only other place in the Engadine

at which any number of guests has stayed in winter is the Bernina Hotel at Samaden. No one who has ever been in this house can fail to appreciate the manner in which it is conducted. Unfortunately the town is not as high above the river as might be wished, and in consequence there are slight fogs in the morning, which, however, soon pass away. Its temperature is also less than that of the better-placed St. Moritz, and although the sun rises at Samaden somewhat sooner in the morning, it sets earlier, a defect which it shares with Pontresina. This village, so crowded in summer, has hitherto made no effort to attract winter visitors, but in future the admirably situated Hotel Enderlin will remain open all the year round. One of the largest hotels in Switzerland has been recently built at the Maloja, and it is kept open winter and summer alike. Although its arrangements appear to be everything that can be desired, its position is very unfortunate. It stands entirely unsheltered in the midst of the marshy land at the head of the Sils Lake, and at the beginning of the long Engadine valley. The mountains here form a kind of funnel, through which blow not only the Maloja wind of the summer months, but also during the winter those strong winds which accompany bad weather reaching the Engadine from the Italian side. It is from this direction, we may observe, that nearly all the boisterous and unpleasant storms of wind, rain, and snow come.

In all these villages the best medical assistance can be obtained, and no doubt English doctors, of whom there are three or four already, will come to the Engadine as the number of winter guests increases. The wonderful success which has attended a residence in the high Alps ensures the Engadine a very conspicuous position as a health resort, especially for persons with diseases of the lungs and weakness of the nerves. The splendid climate and air, the exhilaration, the vigor and the strength produced by them, the beauty of the mountains, as well as the comforts which are to be found in the hotels in a district half as high again as the top of the loftiest mountain in Great Britain, all conspire to furnish most powerful inducements equally to the weak and the strong. It is perhaps difficult to conceive any circumstances under which an invalid could be placed in which life would be more agreeable. And the abundant indications that he has around him of improvement in health among his fellow-sufferers is calculated to fill him with the greatest hope for

his own future, and to make him more patient in enduring the enforced inaction against which he is so often disposed to rebel. Nor does the winter appear so long as might be supposed. The variety of amusements and the delights of the climate make it pass quickly away. As the days get longer and the sun's rays acquire more power, the melting of the snow becomes much more rapid. The brooks which for months have been frost-bound wake up into motion. The southern slopes first lose their white covering, and patches of brownish green appear—a delightful sight after the long monotony of endless snow. The meadows soon become bogs and the roads watercourses. Through the steep streets there are running streams, and, in the shade, miniature glaciers, which necessitate much care in walking. Then, as the snow disappears almost entirely from the roads, the inhabitants of the villages meet together to break through the large drifts. Little by little sledges are relegated to the upper parts of the passes, and finally the heavy, lumbering diligence once more travels along the whole road. With the general awakening of life and motion on the surface of the earth, the unbroken stillness of the winter gives place to winds of icy coldness blowing over the snow, surpassing English east winds in their fierce bitterness, and making existence barely tolerable in March and April. Then all who are able to leave, hasten their flight to other and more genial parts, carrying with them many pleasant recollections of a winter spent in a new way, amid the snow and ice of the Alps, and enabled by contrast the more keenly to appreciate the rich and varied beauty of foliage and color that greet them on their arrival in lower-lying districts.

J. F. MAIN.

From The Contemporary Review.
THE CROFTER PROBLEM.

THE condition of the Scotch crofters has been thrice the subject of official investigation within the last half century, but it remains essentially as unsatisfactory as ever. The picture drawn by the Napier Commission in the careful and liberal report they have recently issued answers, feature for feature, almost to the pictures drawn by the emigration commissioners in 1841 and by Sir John McNeill in 1852. There is the same black record of contracted holdings, insufficient employment,

miserable dwellings, insecure tenure, eviction, and, still more, dread of eviction; here excessive rents, there deprivation of pasture; everywhere deterioration of agriculture, exhaustion of the soil, and periodical destitution. Some of the deeper shadows indeed have grown fainter. Destitution, for example, has never within the last thirty years been so acute as it often used to be; there is no word now of whole countryside keeping themselves in life by gathering limpets and sea-ware; but still the distress was sufficiently severe during the winter before the commissioners' visit to call for advances from the proprietors and considerable contributions from the charitable public.

The dwellings of the people, too, are stated to have improved here and there, but they remain as a general rule so utterly vile throughout the whole wide region of the inquiry, except Caithness and Orkney, that the commissioners declare that such houses would imply "the moral and physical degradation" of their inhabitants if they were found elsewhere, though they are suffered here with complete self-respect on the part of the tenants who live in them, and — what often strikes a stranger as more puzzling still — with equally complete self-respect on the part of the proprietors who take rent for them. The proprietors do not build better houses, because the rent of the small crofts would not warrant the expense, and the crofters themselves, who would no doubt, one after another, build better houses for their own comfort if they had an assured tenure of them, cannot be expected to do so while they may be ejected from them at six months' notice without compensation, or merely provoke a rise of rent by their enterprise. The chamberlain of Lewis will have us believe that the people prefer living in those "black houses," with the dunghill in the centre and without either window or chimney, because he has known a case of one family that got a "white house" with a partition between the cattle-stalls and the human dwelling, and the first thing they did was to break through the partition and shut up the separate door for the cattle. Others will have us believe that the prevailing insecurity of tenure is no obstacle to the people building better dwellings, because they have known cases of crofters who, greatly daring, built slate-roofed cottages at their own cost and risked ejection. But there was a great mass of testimony taken before the commission on this subject, and the evidence is really overwhelming that

the crofters would more generally improve their dwellings if they felt themselves secure against eviction. Wherever sufficient assurance to that effect has been given them — or, what is tantamount to the same thing, assurance of adequate compensation in case of disturbance — they are seen setting themselves very promptly and generally to the erection of more decent and habitable dwellings. Such an assurance was given, for example, on the estate of Torridon, and Mr. Darroch, the proprietor, states that "it is assuring to see how they are gradually improving, one following another. Nine improved houses have been built on my conditions, and many more are in course of erection." For want of this simple security, then, which would practically cost the landlords nothing but a slight restraint on their absolute power of eviction, most part of the Celtic peasantry of Scotland are housed in hovels that no stranger looks on without a thought of shame.

Work, again, is less scarce among the crofters now than it was thirty or forty years ago, for the fishing has grown largely since then; but still very few of them possess boats or nets of their own, and even the boats these few possess are generally too small for the present requirements of the industry, so that there has not arisen as yet any class of independent fishermen living by the sea alone. The entire population are really laborers who migrate for three months every year to work for fishermen elsewhere, who bring home with them from £15 to £25 a year from such labor, but who require to have a croft to furnish the rest of their maintenance. And while no class of independent fishermen has grown up, the old class of independent peasants, needing no resource but their farms, has more and more completely vanished. Eviction and deprivation of pasture have done their work, and what they have left undone, the fear of eviction is fast completing. The descriptions given of the agriculture of the people are most pitiable to read. In the management of stock the crofters are improving, and have an eye to improvement. It is mentioned everywhere that they lay out money on better bulls, and that on the club farms their sheep fetch as high a price as those of the large farmers. But their husbandry has gone from bad to worse, and is now heartless, slovenly, unskilful, unproductive to the last degree. The worst cases of exhaustion of the soil brought before Sir John McNeill were

from certain parts of Skye, where the land was said to yield no more than the seed sown, or at most two seeds; but we are now told of districts in that island that often give back only a third of the seed, and where the mills have gone out of use because for years the people have had no corn of their own growing that was worth turning into meal. Their fields are ill-drained and ill-fenced, they observe no proper rotation of crops, they do not use enough of manure, and in a climate where early sowing is imperative, if crops are to ripen, they sow later than ever. Of modern agriculture they have manifestly still to learn the very letters. The late Sir Robert Peel, whose clear economic insight perceived that a few simple lessons in good husbandry might carry those small people the whole way from indigence to comfort, wrote to Dr. Mackenzie of Eileanach after the Highland destitution of 1846: "Surely there is public spirit enough among the great land proprietors of Scotland, and enough of sympathy with the position of their crofter tenants, to induce them to combine for the purpose of procuring this means of instruction in the first rudiments of agriculture, which I concur with you in thinking would be most useful to all parties, to the crofters, to the landlords, and the public." Had this been done there would probably have been no crofter question to-day, but nothing of the kind has ever been undertaken. Sir A. Matheson, it is true, sent some young crofters to the south to learn the management of stock, and then gave them and certain other picked tenants fair-sized holdings on lease, and the result is the thriving club farms of Ardrross. Lord Lovat did still better. He brought a farmer from Aberdeen to teach his crofters their business, showing them even how to handle a spade; and that instruction, backed by an improving lease, and the personal interest of the landlord, has been crowned by the creation of a body of five hundred independent and substantial peasantry who have doubled the rental of the estate by the improvements they have made. What was done there might be done elsewhere, but so far as we can judge from the evidence of the recent commission it seems never to have been thought of, and on one estate, where a slight movement in this direction had at one time been made, the very tradition of it has been forgotten. An old factor on the Macdonald property stated to Sir John McNeill that he had got good results from appointing an in-

spector of improvements to guide the people into better ways; but the experiment was only three years in operation when it had to be abandoned in consequence of the potato famine. The potato famine is happily long past, but the experiment has never been resumed, and the present factor, who is also factor on most of the other large properties of the island, has never so much as heard of the idea, and can only think that perhaps it may be worth trying.

The crofters have been left to shift as best they might. Other tenants have been generously assisted in their improvements by the proprietors, but the commissioners have found singularly little evidence of any assistance, pecuniary or other, being rendered by proprietors for the direct benefit and improvement of crofts. On the Sutherland property, indeed, a small sum of money is set apart for this purpose every year, but the principle adopted on most Highland estates, as was explained by Lord Macdonald's factor, is to lay nothing out for the crofters' advantage, but as a compensation, to keep their rents a little below the competition maximum. And this seems to be very generally the case. Of course there are estates, like Clyth, for example, where a system of rack-renting worse than Irish has prevailed, and there are others, like the estate of Kilmuir, at present so much before the public, where successive rises of a very burdensome nature appear to have been imposed, and there are many where no adequate reduction was made when hill pasture was taken away; but, as a rule, Highland crofts are not rented at their full competitive value. The only large Highland property where crofts are avowedly let at competition rents is the property of the Duke of Argyll,* but the crofters receive as little assistance there as elsewhere. Taking one estate with another, it may be laid down that throughout the Highlands the large farms are managed on the English system, but the crofts on the Irish, and latterly, at

* I make this statement on the explicit testimony of the chamberlain of Argyll before the Commission, but it is fair to say that the Duke of Argyll in his recent speech in the House of Lords made an equally explicit statement to the opposite effect, but without taking any notice of the conflicting evidence given by his factor. Most people must have read the factor's statement with surprise, but at the same time he must be taken as an authority of the first order regarding the rule he has himself actually observed in letting crofts; and therefore, in the absence of more precise explanations, one can only conclude that this is another instance of the evil inevitably attending factorial rule, that the factor interprets the landlord's interest in a much narrower and less liberal spirit than the landlord himself really desires.

any rate, without any of the Irish customary security. "The crofter belongs," say the commissioners, "to that class of tenants who have received the smallest share of proprietary favor or benefaction, and who are, by virtue of power, position, or covenants, least protected against inconsiderate treatment." In fact, Highland land management has for nearly a century been not only indifferent but really adverse to crofter development. It has never been able to believe in the possibility of making serious and profitable agriculturists of crofters; while, on the other hand, it has had the most certain knowledge that the neighborhood of crofters detracted considerably from the letting value of sheep farms, and still more of sporting moors. Crofters, it was alleged, would persist in trespassing and disturbing game, and their sheep would stray and infect the large farmers' sheep with the scab, so that to keep them off necessitated extensive fencing and additional hands. To save the large farmers from this expense, crofters are, on some estates in Skye, not allowed to keep sheep at all, and no reduction of the crofters' rents seems to be thought necessary in consequence of the restriction, although the factor admits that it cripples them, and that the reduction would have been balanced by the higher rent the large farmer would be enabled to pay. Where the mere toleration of crofters is thus considered to be in itself an expense, any positive encouragement of them was not to be looked for, and to this day the favorite policy of the Highland factors seems to be (more than one of them actually stated so to the commissioners) a wholesale emigration of at least half the population.

Now, while for these reasons nothing has been done for the crofters, they are not even allowed the conditions on which it is fairly possible to sit in peace and do something for themselves, and that is the burden of their present complaint. They have no security from eviction, from arbitrary rises of rent, from confiscation of their improvements, if they were to proceed to make any. They do pay some attention (the factors admit it) to the improvement of their stock, which cannot be confiscated; but they build no comfortable cottages, and lay down no expensive draining, which they might lose without recompense by arbitrary ejectment. The commissioners doubt the reality of the dread of eviction that was expressed so generally by the crofters. They think it

merely a sort of afterplay of the profound impression left on the Highland mind by the notorious clearances of the past. And it is true that evictions have not been common in recent years, but one cannot read the evidence taken before this commission, or the evidence formerly taken by Sir John McNeill, without feeling that the threat of eviction is used in the every-day practical administration of a Highland estate in a way it is not used elsewhere, and that it plays not only a real but a mighty part among the daily cares of the crofter tenantry. It is the hangman's whip by which factors rule. One of their most common resources seems to be to add a pound to the rent for any infraction of their behests, but by far their trustiest weapon is a notice of removal. Between the years 1840 and 1883 there were six thousand nine hundred and sixty notices of removal taken out in Skye alone, and the factor on most of the estates of the island explains their remarkable frequency by saying that it is the habit to issue a notice of removal for an arrear of rent, for which a cow or a sheep would be distrained elsewhere, because there is some little difficulty in identifying the cattle of the several tenants in a common pasturage. Then in all questions about game and trespass, about keeping sheep, or horses, or dogs, or harboring persons of objectionable opinions, or about any other vexatious restrictions which the estate management chooses from time to time to impose, the threat of eviction is always relied on as the most effective asserter of discipline. How dearly this weapon is prized, and how keenly it is clutched, the commissioners had an excellent opportunity of witnessing for themselves at the very outset of their inquiry, in the singular and protracted resistance given by the principal factor in Skye to the request of the chairman that witnesses should be promised immunity from disturbance for anything they might state to the commissioners. At every successive refusal, with its emphatic repetition of "We expect them to tell the truth and nothing but the truth," we see the whip held up before the people, and hear the very cracking of the thong. A discipline of this sort, continued day after day and year after year, might very well be capable of producing that change in the character of the people which is described by a very competent witness, Mr. Macdonell of Morar, who states that they have lost the spirit and independence that, in his recollection,

characterized their grandfathers, and entertain a "fear and awe of their proprietors which no previous generation exhibited." And when driven to extremities it is equally capable of provoking such a spirit of revolt and excessive defiance as is manifested in some quarters now. But however that may be, the discipline is quite real and serious enough to justify the crofters' own complaint, that they are prevented, by want of confidence in the durability of their tenure, from exerting themselves as they otherwise would do for the improvement of their economic condition. The factors always plead that it is essential to retain the power of eviction in order to drill the people into good husbandry, and if that purpose were really accomplished by it the plea would not be unreasonable; but that is the one purpose for which it is never used, or if it is used, it has been for generations so manifestly ineffectual as to afford a strong presumption in favor of a change of policy. They also allege — and the statement was repeated in the House of Lords by the Duke of Argyll — that the people will not accept leases, but the balance of testimony before the commission is decidedly the other way, and although expression was certainly given repeatedly to a feeling against accepting a lease, the curious thing about that feeling is this, that it was generally found on examination to spring from the idea that they were more liable to be evicted at the end of the stated period of a lease than under yearly tenancy. In other words, it sprang from the very fear of eviction, which the commissioners think to be unreal and irrational, but which is grounded on the belief — which the very unpaternal form of landlord government they have been subject to for the last hundred years has surely given reason enough to entertain — that their presence is no longer desired in the country of their birth.

From this account of the situation, it is manifest that we are here in presence of a very complex problem, though certain broad lines of remedial action are written on the very face of the facts. The emigration commissioners and Sir John McNeill had no remedy to propose except emigration on an extensive scale; and the present commissioners, though they have many other proposals to make besides that, still look on a large emigration as being absolutely indispensable to any satisfactory solution of the problem. They enter upon no details, but one may gather from the calculations they make that their idea is this, that half the people might

find exclusive — or practically exclusive — support in fishing; that a sixth more might be raised to the position of small independent farmers; and that the remaining third ought to emigrate for the relief of the rest. They say that there is no need for emigration from the southern Hebrides (though there was as much destitution comparatively in the southern as in the northern), and they consequently limit their proposal to Skye, the Long Island, and certain parts of the west coast of Sutherland and Ross, or to a population, all told, of 81,536 souls. One-third of these would be some twenty-seven thousand people, or fifty-four hundred families, and these the commissioners would send abroad on State loans. Now, of course, in a part of the country where the average size of the family is comparatively high, and the available work comparatively scanty, an habitual, and not inconsiderable, emigration is certainly required. And among mountain peoples, as we observe in Switzerland and Italy, nothing proves a better inducement to emigration than the existence of small, comfortable holdings and freeholds at home, which they might hope one day to come back and purchase; and for the multiplication of which the commissioners recommend some slight — too slight — facilities. Once they had gone they might prefer to remain, but the hope of returning — which enters largely into middle-class emigration — would prove an inducement to go; and the actual return would keep up the communications and the incentives on which a habitual emigration rests.

But any such wholesale and exceptional scheme of emigration as the commissioners seem to contemplate is at present both unnecessary and impracticable. It is impracticable because the people, as the commissioners themselves admit, are entirely against going, and seem disposed to resent the very suggestion as a conclusive evidence of the landlord's inveterate design to get rid of them, and to continue the policy, which the crofters think so unnatural, of "exterminating men and preserving vermin." But even if the people were willing to emigrate, a large emigration scheme was never more needless than it is at this moment, when the fishing is prosperous and growing, and the large sheep-farm system is struck with death. The overcrowding of the northern Hebrides may easily be misconceived. In 1841, the population of Lewis was only 17,504; but Mr. Knox, chamberlain at the time, came before the emigration commis-

sioners in that year with the declaration that to relieve the congestion of the island, an emigration of at least six or seven thousand people—that is, of more than a third of the inhabitants—was absolutely necessary. The population of Lewis is now 25,487—more than twice, nearly thrice, as many as Mr. Knox thought the island capable of supporting—and yet if they are no better off, they are certainly no worse off than they were then. And the explanation is not far to seek. The people are fishermen, and the fishing in the north of Scotland has undergone extensive development in the interval; and if it goes on growing at the same rate, there is no reason why Lewis should not accommodate as many people again, and nobody be any the worse. The commissioners base their plea for the necessity of emigration on a long and most superfluous calculation to show that if all Skye and Lewis were parted among their inhabitants, there would not be land enough to furnish every family with the amount necessary for its maintenance; and no doubt they shall be answered—and answered most conclusively on their own lines—that if they threw Sutherland and Ross into their sum, and supposed a migration of people from Lewis to Ross, as they supposed a migration of people from one parish in Lewis to another, there would then be plenty of land, and to spare, for all comers. But calculations of that character are beside the question, and merely so much good arithmetic thrown away. They mistake the actual situation. The crofters are not—nor as a body do they wish to be made—independent farmers. Some of them, no doubt, wish to be so—and by all means let them have the chance—but the great bulk of the people do not seem disposed to give up the fishing. Tastes differ, even among crofters. And we have witnesses in this report telling us of certain districts of Lewis which they consider to be more Norse, where the people are much fonder of the sea than of the land, and certain other districts which they consider more Celtic, where the people are fonder of the land than of the sea; we have other witnesses complaining that in their part of the country the people will endure any toil and hardship afloat, but cannot be persuaded to touch pick or spade; we have crofter witnesses saying that what they want is to have large crofts for farmers, and small crofts for fishermen; and we have the commissioners themselves stating that “generally, though by no means invaria-

bly, the people actually engaged in crofting and fishing are in favor of the combined occupations,” although “the weight of external evidence seemed in favor of separating the two callings.” They draw at present, as the commissioners correctly state, more of their income from the sea than from the land; mysterious mention is often made in the evidence of the crofters’ deposits in the Highland banks, but it is never made without its being added that the money was won by fishing and not by crofting. The crofters have no idea, therefore, of abandoning so lucrative a pursuit, and we are not surprised that Mr. Munro Ferguson, M.P., was told lately by the people of some of the Lewis townships he visited, that “they made more by fishing than by farming, and if they only had a pier they would be all right.”

Now, the fishing—I speak here mainly of the herring fishing—is no longer the uncertain and precarious business it used to be in the old days when it was pursued only in-shore. Fish were then supposed to be very migratory and capricious in their habits, and fishing-grounds that were to-day well stocked might to-morrow be found abandoned. Under such circumstances, it might be a doubtful experiment to increase the dependence of a whole community on such an uncertain support. But the off-shore fishing-grounds that are now resorted to are less inconstant, and, in fact, are generally believed by competent authorities to be capable of yielding steady supplies of fish almost at any time there is weather to reach them. The Highland fishery is thus a resource that is not now likely to fail. But, still better, it is one that is susceptible of immense development, if it were only furnished with suitable harbors, and, above all, were once connected with the home markets. What really retards it most at present are the high rates charged for transmission by railway to the large English towns, and if that obstacle were removed, the industry would really burst into great proportions. The fishing-ground is practically exhaustless, and the market—with its millions of consumers—ought to be one of the best. Scotch herrings ought to be sold fresh in the English towns for 3*d.* to 6*d.* a dozen, but this price is simply doubled by the railway charges. A barrel of herrings can be sent by steamer to Baltic ports for eighteenpence, but it costs more than twenty shillings by rail to Manchester, Birmingham, and London. Mr. Bruce, the chairman of

the Highland Railway, said lately that the present rate of £4 and £4 10s. the ton for carrying fresh fish by passenger train from Strome Ferry, Stornoway, and Wick to the English markets could not be considered excessive, because it was no more than $\frac{1}{2}$ d. the pound; but though $\frac{1}{2}$ d. the pound is not a serious charge on salmon, or even cod, $\frac{1}{2}$ d. the pound is positively prohibitory on herrings. It exactly doubles the price of the poor man's fish, and that is really the only reason why Scotch herrings go so entirely abroad and never reach the vast body of consumers at home. In fixing railway rates, attention ought to be paid to these differences in the value of different kinds of goods, and also to the specially great increase of traffic which, as Mr. Bruce admits, is to be expected from the Highland herring fishery. A reduction to the present rate of transit by goods trains, or even lower, would not be considered unreasonable, and, anyhow, such a reduction is the reform that is at present most indispensable for the development of the Highland fisheries, and it would confer equal benefit on the crofters of the Hebrides and the working millions of our large cities.

Now, not for the moment to speak of the agricultural changes that seem to be imminent, it is surely idle to talk of a necessity for exceptional and extensive emigration at the public expense for a class of people who are actively engaged in an industry capable of so great development, if an obstacle, which can only at best be regarded as temporary in its nature, were to be seasonably removed. The wealth of the Minch is as well worth cultivating as that of Manitoba, and as likely to be remunerative. The commissioners are not blind to the importance of the fisheries for the Highlands, and recommend a considerable public expenditure for erecting the necessary piers and harbors, and for providing fishermen with boats and nets on State credit. The recommendations as to piers and harbors ought to be most favorably entertained, because these works will be of great public advantage, and they are not likely to be built by local capital. Sir James Matheson was one of the richest and most generous landlords, but an old factor of his stated to the commission that he never could get Sir James to expend a farthing on local harbors, or to give any other answer but "Let the curers do that;" and as the curers may be in Stornoway this year and Barra the next, they will not incur the cost. As to the suggestion of giving loans to fish-

men, what is really wanted is not a temporary but a permanent provision for that purpose. Most Scotch fishermen who have boats now have been assisted to purchase them by loans, usually given by curers, who charge interest for the accommodation, and obtain the fish besides at a less rate than they should pay to fishermen who were free of debt. Wherever any provision exists for supplying such loans to fishermen, great benefit accrues, as is now being shown by Lady Burdett Coutts at Cape Clear, although she adopts the most objectionable principle of charging no interest; and the experiences of the Irish Reproductive Loan Fund for the last eight years show that the loans and interest are both paid up with fair punctuality. Something more and better than either of these schemes is needed, and that is an institution of popular credit like the Schulze Delitzsch People's Banks. Just as the trades-union is the ameliorative agency for the modern wage laborer, who has no capital and needs none for his work, so the people's bank is the ameliorative agency for small working farmers and tradesmen and fishermen who want a little capital to work upon. In Germany, Austria, and Italy these banks have become one of the most remarkable social growths of the century; they are founded and managed and kept financially sound without difficulty, and have proved of the highest advantage to the classes who use them. They are exactly adapted to communities like our Highland crofters and fishermen, who need credit in their business, and who, it appears from the report of the commission, make at present a large use of accommodation bills, on which they pay not only the bank discount, but also a high interest to the sureties for their names. The money to set them going might be found in petty contributions month by month from the crofters themselves, or in those deposits of crofters in Highland banks of which the commission heard so much—£200,000 in Portree alone was mentioned by a late factor for Lord Macdonald—and in loans from private people outside, such as Schulze Delitzsch found no difficulty in procuring on the strength of the joint liability of the members of the bank and the promise of a slightly higher interest than savings-banks allow.

The commissioners' proposals of land reform, violent as some of them will seem, are still very inadequate. The crofters ask for more land and better tenure. The agitation for better conditions of tenure

is in no sense peculiar to the Highlands, and asks nothing that will not in all probability be presently demanded by agriculturists elsewhere and granted with advantage to every interest concerned. Fair rents fixed for stated periods by independent arbitration or by a land court, security from disturbance during these periods, compensation for improvements unexhausted at their expiry—these are the uniform demands of the crofters from Mull to Unst. They are accused of having been schooled into making these demands, but if so, the ease with which they have learnt the lesson shows how closely it answered their needs. But they had no use to learn such a lesson; it was already written among the traditions they clove most to. It was substantially just the tenure that was customary in the Highlands in the good old times of their grandfathers. Sir John McNeill describes that customary tenure as including the determination of rents by independent valuation for stated periods, immunity from a rise during the intervals, security from eviction except for personal delinquency or non-payment of rent, virtually hereditary occupation, and finally the attachment, as a matter of course, to all arable holdings of a corresponding extent of hill grazing. Compensation was a thing unknown in the Highlands; it is unknown still; the commissioners say, "We have failed to find any liberal system of compensation in existence in the Highlands;" but barring this one important point, the conditions now asked by the crofters are in their essence identical with the conditions spontaneously conceded to their ancestors. And to do them justice, the Highland proprietors have, at the recent meeting in Inverness, entirely admitted the reasonableness of the crofters' demands and agreed to offer very considerable concessions—leases of nineteen to thirty years, revised rents, and compensation for permanent improvements. The offer, however, is to be limited to tenants not in arrear, a small class among crofters, and is to remain entirely in the discretion of the proprietors. This, of course, will not satisfy. The crofters ask for better conditions, not as concessions that may be taken back, but as a recognized tenant right which they can assert before an independent tribunal, and probably nothing short of this will ultimately satisfy in the Highlands or in the Lowlands either. For the question is not a merely Highland question. A committee of the Scottish Farmers' Alliance, which was sent over to Ireland to investigate

into the character of the Irish Land Act, found that act working so beneficially wherever they went, that they have returned and recommended an immediate agitation for the introduction of a measure for Scotland on the same general lines, and the Alliance has adopted their recommendation. The only drawback to such a measure—its tendency to lessen the landlord's expenditure on his estate—is one the crofters, at any rate, have no occasion to feel, for, as the commissioners state, Highland landlords, generous as has been their expenditure for other purposes, have very rarely spent a farthing for the direct advantage of the crofters.

The commissioners' device for providing security of tenure is an improving lease, which may be claimed as a right before the sheriff, which gives occupation for thirty years at a rent fixed by independent arbitration, which imposes specific obligations to make improvements, but offers reasonable compensation at the termination of the tenancy, and which may be relinquished any Whitsunday during its currency, but cannot be assigned by the occupier. To this proposal, so far as it goes, there can be no serious objection, but it is to be confined exclusively to occupiers who pay £6 or more of rent, and scarce one-eighth of the crofters pay that amount. The remaining seven-eighths are gravely recommended, for protection against arbitrary eviction and rack-renting, to "the humanity of landlords and public opinion"! The commissioners are unusually decided—they are vehement even—in their refusal to the lesser crofters of the benefits of security. They say:

To invest the most humble and helpless class of agricultural tenants with immunities and rights which ought to go hand in hand with the expansive improvement of the dwelling and the soil, would tend to fix them in a condition from which they ought to be resolutely though gently withdrawn. These people ought either to pass as crofters to a holding of a higher value, or take their position among the others as laborers, mechanics, or fishermen, with a cottage and an allotment, or migrate to other seats of labor here or emigrate to other countries.

And again:—

We have no hesitation in affirming that to grant at this moment to the whole mass of small tenants in the Highlands and Islands fixity of tenure in their holdings, uncontrolled management of these holdings and free sale of tenant right, good-will, and improvements, would be to perpetuate social evils of a dangerous character. It would in some districts simply accelerate the subdivision and exhaustion of the soil, promote a reckless increase

of the population, aggravate the indigenous squalor and lethargy which too much abound already, and multiply the contingencies of destitution and famine which even now occur from time to time, and are ever impending.

A six-pounder's meat, it seems, is a four-pounder's poison, and a system of durable tenure which is to carry a fisherman with a big croft on to fortune is to force a fisherman with a small croft — i.e., a croft he is better able to manage efficiently along with his fishing — to social wreck. And more inconsistently still, people who are believed to be so capable of self-government that they are to be created into a recognized village community, with a right to obtain more land, are declared in almost the same breath to be utterly incapable of managing the holdings that they already possess. The reasons given for this strange step do not make it more rational. The "indigenous squalor and lethargy" of the people are really, on the best testimony given to the commission itself, the fruit of that very insecurity which the commission invokes to remedy it, for, observe, there is this admitted and most puzzling perversity about the crofters' indolence, that it is exhibited nowhere — neither in fishing nor navy labor, nor anywhere else — except in work on their own crofts, and the cause must therefore be rationally looked for in the discouraging conditions of that specific kind of work rather than in the nature of the worker.* And as for subdivision, that will surely be much better checked under the definite provisions of a lease or a judicial tenure than without them. Indeed, without them it is not checked at all — we have a century's experience of that. And here it is right to say that it would be most unjust to lay all the subdivision that has occurred at the crofters' door. Much of it was caused, as was shown before the commission, by landlords themselves, who in clearing out the tenants of one township wedged them in among the tenants of another; but perhaps most of it was due to the operation

of an ordinary economic force which we see producing the same results among Continental peasant proprietors every day. A new manufacture is brought to their door, and its ready money is sweet, and dispenses with the need of the old extent of land. In the Highlands the new manufacture was kelp, and while it thrived it suited landlords and tenants alike that holdings should be subdivided. It is most important that peasant holdings of a size sufficient to keep a family in work and maintenance should not be subdivided beneath that size, but whether subdivision of laborers' holdings is an evil depends entirely on the amount of work to be got in the neighborhood. In Denmark, where the *bonde* is forbidden subdivision below a certain minimum, unlimited subdivision is allowed to the *housmaend* (cottar), and if the Highland fishing should grow so much as to entice the crofters deeper into it, it is possible it might lead to further subdivision before it led, as it has done at Buckie and Loch Fyne, to complete abandonment of crofting in favor of the more remunerative occupation. But as things at present stand, the Highland fisherman certainly requires a fair-sized croft, and to do justice to his croft while he has it, he requires the same conditions as other agriculturists.

The demand for more land, unlike the demand for sounder conditions of tenure, is one that is local to the Highlands, and that asks from the State intervention of a very exceptional character. The demand is based on peculiarities in Highland history, such as the clearances, which modern public opinion would no more tolerate than it would slaveholding, and the forcible deprivation from townships of hill grazings immemorially possessed, which is shown in the evidence to have been very common, and has naturally left discontent and distress behind it. Now, the proposal to restore these hill grazings, where they have been annexed to sheep-farms, is frankly admitted by the Duke of Argyll to be "a most reasonable proposition," and one he would willingly accede to; it was stated by various sheep farmers that such a loss of pasture would do no injury to their farms beyond the mere reduction of their size; and the crofters declare they are willing to pay as much per acre as the larger tenants, and in the present situation of sheep farming they are certainly likely to do so. The crofters' demand, therefore, involves nothing further than a transfer of land from one tenant to another, and so far from being the convulsion which the Marquis of Lorne seems to

* A strong confirmation of this has just been supplied by Professor Ramsay in his article in *Macmillan* on the Highland Crofters in Canada. After speaking of their *inertia* in Scotland, he adds: "But all this seems to disappear in Canada. . . . They were all sanguine as to their future, energetic in their arrangements, and were eagerly doing things and using means of which they had no previous experience. It seemed as if 'the magic of property' had had its effect upon them, and drawn out the powers which too often lie dormant at home." These crofters had not been more than a year in Canada, and "the magic of property" would work the same change on them as speedily at home. The magic of property is merely such a tenure as makes labor cheerful by securing to it the permanent possession of its own fruits.

think it, it is probably the smallest interference with the absolute rights of property that has ever taken place to remedy social distress that has been seething for more than half a century, that has called three times for official inquiry, and has repeatedly required government intervention, now by money and then by marines. The commissioners' proposals, therefore, are less likely to be criticised for the call they make on State interference than from general considerations of their efficiency for the well-being of the crofters, or of fairness to other parties concerned, and we are not surprised that this was the course taken even by one with such high views of private property as the Duke of Argyll. Their proposals are, first, to endow existing townships with a regular constitution and a definite right of expansion within certain limits—a right to compel landlords to grant as much land from contiguous sheep-runs as shall raise the average rent of the occupants of the townships to £15 a year, if the sheriff is satisfied that the applying township is really overcrowded, and that its occupants possess sufficient capital to stock the new ground; and, second, with the consent of the proprietor, to settle new townships elsewhere, with a claim to State loans for the requisite buildings, if the sheriff is satisfied as before that the applicants have capital enough to stock the place. All that can be said for these proposals is that they would probably allay the immediate discontent, and perhaps allay it better for the time than any other expedient. The township, however, though a convenient basis for immediate expansion, is certainly not a model industrial organization, because it has no common management. The sheep of the careless tenant infect those of the careful one; the delay of the lazy tenant keeps back the work of the diligent, and the interests of the many smaller tenants are often set against those of the few larger. And this disunity is exaggerated under the scheme of the commissioners, for some of the tenants are to have the stimulus of a lease, and others perhaps the still greater stimulus of a freehold, while the rest are to be left in their original helplessness. Devised in the interests of stability, the township is wanting in the first conditions of stability. It is therefore a question whether the ends sought would not be better served by some well-considered plan of establishing crofters' club farms, which are more consistent with modern conditions, and with the possibility of progressive development, and which

have already been successfully established in various parts of the Highlands. This is the more worthy of consideration because the hour is unusually favorable for such a project. The competition of the large sheep-farming system—the most fruitful cause of the crofters' long troubles—is for the time out of the way. Sheep-farms are either thrown on the owners' hands or let at half their former rents, because the price of wool has fallen hopelessly low, and the pastures have deteriorated till they cannot carry their old stock of sheep. There was a good deal of puzzling about this last point before the commission. The fact was admitted—only one witness doubted it, and he did not—but what could have caused it? Some thought sheep cropped the grass closer than cattle, others that they fertilized it less; but there is one fact for which, though it was not brought before the commission, we have good documentary evidence, and which throws much light on the matter. Capt. Henderson states in his "Agriculture of Sutherland," written at the beginning of this century, that in 1798 there were in that county forty-nine thousand five hundred acres under crop and permanent meadow; and in 1882, as we learn from the agricultural returns, there were only thirty-one thousand six hundred and thirty-eight acres. In eighty-four years, eighteen thousand acres, or more than a third of the green land of the county, has gone back under heather—a curious picture to place side by side with the duke's noble, though unhappily unremunerative, exertions to reclaim heather into green land. An official return given by one of his Grace's factors states that the average price of reclamation in Sutherland is £31 an acre, so that it would now cost the duke upwards of £550,000 to undo what sheep farming has done, and to restore the land again to the by no means advanced condition it was in before the clearances. If these things are so, it is plain that the old tenantry were sacrificed to a huge economic blunder, and that Mr. Mackenzie of Kintail's remedy of giving the pastures long rest from sheep by turning them from farms into deer forests is an attempt to cure a great evil by giving it still greater and freer play. Under forest, the land would more and more surely go back to a state of nature, and landlord and public alike have an interest in saying it shall go no further. The true cure is coming to be seen to be a return to a more mixed system of farming—pastoral and arable, cattle and sheep combined—and to smaller sizes of holdings.

One of the best evidences that large sheep-farms are doomed is that large sheep-farmers have begun to condemn them. Mr. T. Purves, an extensive and capable farmer who is no friend to crofters, tells the commission that the present holdings are "unmanageably large," that the farmers "don't get half the use of the land they occupy," that "there should be farms from £10 up to £50 or £100," and that "the duke would be pursuing a wise policy by giving a tenant a hirsell of sheep. Let that be a farm, and so on, or divide that perhaps into two farms." So far as the duke here spoken of is concerned (the Duke of Sutherland), he is believed to be entirely in favor of such a plan, and it appears that Lord Macdonald has already begun it.

The chief difficulty is the want of sufficient capital among the small tenants to undertake such a size of farm. The commissioners have no help whatever to offer in this most fundamental difficulty. They ask the State to lend capital to fishermen and to emigrants, on the personal security of these fishermen and emigrants themselves, but they refuse to recommend any such aid to farmers to buy stock. Various suggestions, however, have come from other quarters. The *Scotsman*, for example, thinks landlords, where they have sheep-farms in their own hands, might resort to the old *steelbow* system of tenure, which was not uncommon in the north of Scotland fifty years ago, and let land and stock together, on condition that both are returned at the end of the lease in as good a state as they were received in. The crofters' credit might be expanded by Mr. Greig's proposal to introduce the colonial plan of mortgaging hill stock, and it would be still further expanded by the introduction of people's banks. It is believed, moreover, that numbers of wealthy sympathizers with the crofters are not unwilling to lend money for crofter development, and it has been suggested that a company of such be formed, which might, if necessary, obtain advances for the purpose from the State at a low rate of interest. Such a company would be otherwise advantageous as well. It would find itself forced to see to the proper training of the people in modern methods of husbandry; would try to get over their objection to a pig; induce them to grow a few vegetables for their own use; and perhaps try the more important points, whether profitable dairy farming might not be more widely introduced, or cheese factories, such as have recently grown up in Derbyshire and elsewhere. Of course, for this

last work the people would have to be taught, but so had the Derby folk. Skill, capital, sound tenure, these are the three requisites, and of these the greatest is skill, but perhaps the most primarily necessary is sound tenure. With skill and good tenure, capital may be found, and small farmers will produce more and afford a higher rent than large; but without skill and sound tenure what can be made of them?

JOHN RAE.

From The Spectator.

A FRENCH HUGUENOT VILLAGE IN GERMANY.

IT is said that the terrible Thirty Years' War lost Germany two-thirds of her population. In the ten religious wars that befell between 1550 and 1706, by massacres and persecutions, and, above all, by the emigration and slaughtering that followed the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, there can be little question that France suffered in equal, if not in greater, measure. How many perished on the field of battle, on the scaffold, and at the stake, we can form only the vaguest idea. Some authorities put the number at a million; and it is computed that within a few years after the Revocation, more than half a million Protestants left the country forever. But these are merely estimates. The emigration began long before the perjured Louis XIV. (he swore, on his coronation, to maintain the Edict) reversed the policy of his grandfather, and renewed the era of persecution; and it continued without surcease until the pleadings of Montesquieu and the sarcasms of Voltaire compelled the court to conform to more moderate councils. Many of the refugees came to England; but by far the greater number went to Holland, Denmark, Switzerland, and Germany. Most of them were soon lost in the populations among whom they settled; but in some instances they were strong enough to form separate communities, and for long years they piously preserved the purity of their Calvinistic faith and worshipped God in the language of their fathers. Especially was this the case in Germany, where the refugees were not only well received by the people, but protected by the princes, allowed to settle in separate villages, and live in their own fashion. Strange to say, there still exists one of these Huguenot communities, a community which remains to-day as essentially French as when,

nearly two centuries ago, the Revocation of the Edict forced its founders to flee their native land. The name of the settlement is Friedrichsdorf, in the landgraviat of Hesse-Homburg, so called in honor of the landgrave Frederick II. This prince gave the site of the village and some fields to a number of refugees from Champagne, the Isle of France, and Languedoc, who in 1687 arrived in the country, and craved his protection. Nor did his liberality end here. For ten years the settlers were to be entirely exempted from taxation; at the expiration of that time they were to pay a land-tax of a florin an acre. They were also allowed to organize themselves after their own fashion, to elect their own mayor and aldermen, to manage their own law affairs — with the exception of one or two unimportant reservations — and to exclude from the village anybody to whose presence they might object. These immunities have helped Friedrichsdorf, which now numbers about twelve hundred French-speaking inhabitants, to maintain almost intact the manners, customs, and language of their refugee ancestors. This village, in the heart of Germany, is probably a better sample of the France of Louis Quatorze than anything that can be found in France itself.

An interesting account of Friedrichsdorf, the existence of which has been almost, if not altogether, forgotten in the mother country, appeared lately in a French periodical, from the pen of M. J. J. Weiss, a politician and writer of some note. Hearing at Homburg that there was a Huguenot village in the neighborhood, he was moved by curiosity to make a visit of inspection. As he neared his destination, he overtook a letter-carrier. "Wo bin ich, bitte?" he asked, and received the rather surprising answer, spoken in excellent French, "Vous pouvez parler Français." This opening naturally led to a conversation; but after a few more questions had been put and answered, the letter-carrier begged to be excused, on the ground that it was Sunday, and it was time to go to the Temple. This excited the visitor's curiosity still more, and he, too, went to the Temple. The pastor was in the pulpit, reading the Confession of Sin in French, from which were omitted none of the characteristic phrases of primitive Calvinistic Christianity, albeit in France itself two-thirds of them have long been obsolete. "I could have believed myself in the New Temple at Rochelle," says M. Weiss, "or in the Paris Oratoire, hearing a sermon from the stern old Pastor Grandpierre. I found

myself in the same atmosphere of damnation and eternal salvation in which I was brought up." The men and women present not only chanted and prayed in French, but looked French; and yet from the windows of the temple could be seen the spires of Kiedorf and Seulberg, the one a German Catholic, the other a Lutheran village. M. Weiss found himself in the presence of an ethnologic curiosity, — a petrified piece of France, two hundred years old. But though the people of Friedrichsdorf are of pure French blood, and cling so tenaciously to the customs of their ancestors, they are not the least French in spirit. They know little or nothing of the land from which they came, and look upon Germany as their country, the country for which, if need be, they would fight and die. Considering the treatment their forefathers received in France, the way in which they were driven out of it, and the welcome they received in the land of their adoption, this is, perhaps, not greatly to be wondered at, though M. Weiss evidently thinks it both strange and unnatural. On the other hand, these people are both proud of the language they speak and the race to which they belong. They consider it derogatory to intermarry with their German neighbors; and though they are not in the least moved by a recital of the sufferings of France in 1870-71, they fire up at once if you hint that their men are in any way inferior in strength or their women in beauty to the Hesseners and Brandenburgers around them. Though living in the same country, educated in the same gymnasiums, and trained in the same regiments as their Teutonic neighbors, they are resolute to maintain the natural superiority of their breed. They esteem themselves both better and braver than the folks of Kiedorf and Seulberg; the women being especially proud of their origin and conservative of their customs. Their language is the quaint and beautiful French of the seventeenth century. Anybody who would know how French was spoken and pronounced in the *grand siècle* must go to this German village. In France itself the secret is lost. But while some of the villagers speak as Madame de Sévigné wrote, others use "vicious and vulgar phrases," which shows, in the opinion of M. Weiss, that the original immigrants were composed of two classes, — one educated and refined, the other ignorant and uncultured. Several of the phrases in common use, though obsolete in France, are expressive and convenient. For instance, they say *violonner* (to fiddle), *souventes fois*, *une paire*

de fois. On the other hand, they know nothing of the thousands of words and forms with which, during the last two hundred years, the French language has been enriched. The speech of Friedrichsdorf, in fact, is literally the speech of 1687. Since that time it has undergone no alteration whatever. What it was then it is now. The fact is curious, but it is natural. The persecuted Protestants who arrived in Hesse-Homburg in 1687 were thenceforth cut off from communication with their country and their kindred. So far as French literature was concerned, they might almost as well have been in the wilds of Africa. The children learned French from their mothers, and from the few books they brought with them, which, no doubt, were mainly religious books.

The Friedrichsdorfers are necessarily bi-lingual; and all their material interests being centred in Germany, they must needs obtain their news, their literature, and their secular ideas from German sources. French is kept for worship and domestic use; and it is to their religious separateness, more than any other cause, that the long survival of their mother tongue is to be ascribed. There is no test for sincerity and constancy like the fiery ordeal of persecution; and the Huguenots, who, after undergoing contumely and reproach, stripes and bonds, ended by sacrificing their country to their faith, were more than sincere, they were fanatical. Huguenots lived in an intolerant age, and the doctrine of exclusive salvation, together with the conviction that they were God's elect, made them as intolerant as Scottish Covenanters. Whenever they had the opportunity they proscribed the Catholic religion as stringently as the Catholics had proscribed theirs. To those stern Calvinists from Languedoc and Champagne, the Lutheranism of Seulberg was hardly less abhorrent than the Mariolatry of Kiedorf. If they could have worshipped in common with their neighbors, all trace of their mother tongue would have perished in the second generation. But their religion was more of Moses than of Christ, and they developed much of that Judaic spirit to which the Jews owe their isolation. To worship in French, to hear the word in the speech in which they had been wont to hear it in the Temple and the Desert—the speech in which, when beset by enemies and overwhelmed with trouble, they had besought the help of the Most High—seemed to these simple souls necessary to their salvation. Thus the old tongue became in some sort sacred to them; it

was a part of their religion, to be handed down reverently to their children, together with the family Bible and the Confession of Sins, which, as M. Weiss tells us, the present generation still repeat in the mutilated form used by their ancestors before Louis XIV. drove them from France.

M. Weiss speculates as to how much longer the French language is likely to survive at Friedrichsdorf. He thinks that its disappearance is within measurable distance. Germans are no longer excluded from the village; fifty years ago there were only four, now there are four hundred Teutons at Friedrichsdorf. It may, therefore, be presumed that the process of assimilation has already begun. French is still taught in the village school, but "the brutal uniformity of Prussian law" compels the teaching of German, and "we may expect before long to see French treated in Friedrichsdorf as it is treated in Lorraine." It seems impossible for a Frenchman to speak of Prussia in any connection without saying something abusive. But M. Weiss overlooks the causes that are most likely to put an end to this curious religious survival,—the decay of old customs and the waning of religious zeal. Friedrichsdorf, at least if it remains Calvinist so long as it remains religious, can hardly resist the tendency of the age; and in Germany, at least, that tendency is towards unbelief. Calvinism is not the religion of the future; it is dead in Calvin's own city; it is fast dying in France; it cannot much longer survive even in remote Friedrichsdorf; and when the Huguenot wanderers of 1687 lose their faith, they will probably forget the tongue in which they learnt to worship the God of their fathers.

From The Spectator.

BOYS IN THE CHRYSALIS.

WE published on October 20th, 1883, a paper on the "Autobiography of Anthony Trollope," in which we maintained, what a great many correspondents evidently considered a very odd thesis, namely, that Mr. Trollope probably was, as a boy, as disagreeable, loutish, and incapable as all his comrades, including his brother, almost all his masters, and at least one of his able superiors considered him to be. We maintained that if Mr. Trollope had told the truth,—and of that there was no reasonable doubt,—there could be but one explanation of the facts, and that was that Anthony Trollope the boy differed

essentially as well as in outward seeming from Anthony Trollope the man. The one developed into the other, but it was by a sudden start and not by a gradual process, just as the tadpole, which is not a frog, but something quite different, belonging, indeed, to a different branch of the animal kingdom, becomes suddenly a frog. People are so possessed with the phrase, "The boy is father of the man," that many thought this a little absurd, half a dozen assured us that no such change could occur in a human being, and one excellent man gravely warned us that if a solution of continuity could occur in life, so it might in death, and then what would become of continuous identity in another world? We need not say we intended nothing so absurd as this gentleman imagined, but we did intend to say that the difference, the radical difference, between the boy and the man, which constantly startles as well as puzzles preceptors, is seldom sufficiently reckoned on, especially by parents, whose experience of their children is often so great and so minute as to be delusive. It is frequently a positive change, as it was in Trollope's case, as if the nature had been compressed in a case, subsequently to be burst; and while compressed, lacked qualities which could only come to it after its release. We are pleased, as well as amused, to find that this idea, which was a product of considerable experience, is confirmed by Dr. James Martineau, who has probably much greater experience, having, like all religious teachers of mark, been compelled to make a special study of the young. In the course of the remarkable sketch of his family history, and of his differences with his sister Harriet, which he published in the *Daily News* of Tuesday, Dr. Martineau says: "If I do not misconstrue a class of facts frequently noticed, there are natures — and among them some of the most energetic and gifted in the end — which remain through childhood in a kind of *chrysalis* state; and first begin to quiver with their intended life, and at length break forth upon the wing in the second half of their second decade. As that is also the time when young people often leave the early nest for some new experience, bringing them into contact with fresh types of character and manners, the change of scene is apt to get all the credit of the marvellous hues and vivid flight now taken by the creature once so colorless and dull. But the metamorphosis would not be wrought upon a brother or sister differently tempered. It is essentially the unfolding of an inward nature

reserved for this birth-hour, on the stroke of which it eagerly seizes on the relations which crowd in upon it from the novel elements around." That passage conveys, in better words, precisely the idea we endeavored to make plain, with the exception that we think the change a little greater than breaking-forth, the actual nature being occasionally modified, as we, though rarely, sometimes see it modified in maturer life, under religious or other influence, and that we should put the possible time of its occurrence much later. The man's difference from the boy is sometimes not established till he is five-and-twenty, unless circumstances have been very favorable to independence, either of judgment or of action. Trollope was a man before his true nature appeared, even in respect of efficiency for the work of life; and we have noted the alteration in men older than he, and that, too, in the peculiarities we think least liable to change, such as temper and frankness. It seems impossible to most parents that the violent lad should become gentle-tempered, and the reserved lad frank; but both changes do in rare instances manifestly occur. There is no reason, indeed, why they should not. The relaxation of pressure upon the inner nature, which is often the consequence of independence or other change of circumstances, not only allows the wings of the mind, as Dr. Martineau says, to be unfolded, but permits them to grow where they were not before. Tying up a child's limb may only distort it; but it may also take out of the general frame its inherent vigor, its natural health, its characteristic and special power, and that larger result of compression is true also of the mind. It is not only genius which requires room, but sometimes ordinary nature also. Ten per cent. of the most ordinary natures would have been crushed out of shape by a boyhood like that of John Stuart Mill as completely as that of a Shelley or a Coleridge would have been. The crust over the mind, though it often compresses only its powers, — a phenomenon known in every third household, where Tom's success in life never ceases to cause a mild surprise, — sometimes also squeezes and deadens, or suspends vitality in the essential character. The difference between Prince Frederick and Frederick the Great was not only one of mental strength, and though in part he may have hidden himself deliberately, in part also, when the flagstone was lifted by his father's death, his character changed.

We wonder whether the converse differ-

ence often occurs, and a character injured by want of compression, of the discipline which reveals that there are "musts" in the world, ever recovers strength under the pressure of actual life, so that the light nature becomes serious and strong. We have not seen that, and do not remember in biography a clear instance of it; but Shakespeare knew human nature, and he thought it perfectly possible. If it is, and if the occurrence is frequent, the relief to the fathers of this generation will be considerable. There is an impression current, derived principally, we think, from satiric literature, that the defect of the new generation is premature manliness, that all children, boys more especially, because they are more examined, display "old heads on young shoulders," and that youthful priggishness is on the increase. That is not, however, the opinion of most schoolmasters and tutors, or of the few men we have encountered who have been compelled to study unusual numbers of lads. They say that the enormous change which has occurred in household discipline—a change which extends to all classes, and has immensely modified society—while it has made the young distinctly happier, and to a most curious degree conscious of their happiness, and conscious, too, that being dependent on their irresponsibility, it will soon end, has left them with characters altogether lighter, weaker, and less capable of steady endurance. They have not learned in the same degree to govern the will, they are more reluctant to face difficulty, and they shrink from the great drawback to working life—its inevitable monotony, with a painful deficiency in fortitude. They are not shallow, for they assimilate knowledge, and sometimes like it; they think with a clearness quite unknown in the past, and they observe as if they were old; but there is something lacking in the character which the older and harsher processes of bringing-up did produce. They were vexing processes, many of them, and they seem to parents of to-day quite out of the question, and to the young tyrannical; but they yielded their fruit. If the clay were conscious, it would probably not like the wheel, and would certainly detest the fire; but fire and the wheel make the pipkin, and the pipkin is water-tight, and until broken the most durable thing known. An Etruscan vase of pottery would last like a diamond, if only it were let alone, and it is only clay. There is a want of hardness, or rather hardsettedness, in the new race which perplexes the elder one, and which is undoubtedly due to the re-

moval of the compression which once fell upon children with the irresistible and all-pervading weight of an atmosphere. One can easily imagine that if life, with its hard facts—such as the necessity of eating, of obedience to "musts," and of standing alone—restores this old influence, the lightsome youth of our day will display as men, changes at least as startling, though in an opposite direction, as those which have struck Dr. Martineau and ourselves. Some of our Prince Hals will become Henry the Fifths. The alteration will be attributed to experience, and work, and contact with the unsympathetic; but it will not be wholly due to those causes, but to the fact that pressure has brought out qualities only existing before in the germ. The man will not be in all instances the lad developed, but the lad transformed. He is not really transformed, of course; but neither is he, as we contend, only grown, but rather he has enlarged, and new characteristics have come out as if they had been created. The potentiality of hardness must be in the clay; but still, pottery is not clay only. We have most of us witnessed this change—if not in others, then in ourselves—as regards one quality, patience; and why should not there be others? Many among us do not grow patient, so much as acquire the faculty of patience; and this often in conscious, yet very sudden leaps. The pressure, whatever it be, has annealed that side of the character, until it is as different from the previous character as pottery from clay. Sharp suffering is the quickest pressure, and the one most recognized; but the hydraulic pressure of life acts too, and nearly or quite as effectually. The loss is mainly one of time; and though it is impossible for parents to think so, that is not always loss. The longer childhood is after all something to the good, and there is pliability in gristly bones. Most boys of to-day are ready for anything from learning Arabic to driving cattle, and for the work of life that is a set-off against the three or four years which seem to be lost from a certain want of "breeze," in the builders' sense, visible in so many characters. It is odd to find the moth in the cocoon, and the silk-spinner out of it; but that happens with the human worm, and only strikes us because we are accustomed to another sequence. The one change, when we have once seen it occur or recognized that it can occur, is as little miraculous as the other. The stupid lad becomes the brilliant novelist. Why not the blithesome lad the steadiest of plodders?